IN FANE AND FOREST

JAMES EDMUND JONES

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IN FANE AND FOREST

COMPOSED BY

JAMES EDMUND JONES, B.A.

TORONTO, CANADA

'The woods were God's first temples'

'O the great days in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun'

HUMPHREY MILFORD
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TO MY FATHER

REV. CANON SEPTIMUS JONES

WHOSE WORDS WERE A SPUR

AND WHOSE LIFE WAS AN

INSPIRATION

My thanks are due to the following for permission to include copyright hymns or poems: Dr. Louis F. Benson; Mr. W. Wilfred Campbell; Mrs. Carlyle (for a hymn by the late Rev. Dr. W. C. Smith); Miss Marie Corelli; the publishers of *Flint and Feather* (for three poems by Miss E. Pauline Johnson); Miss Beatrice Hatch (for a hymn by the late Rev. Dr. Edwin Hatch); Mr. Rudyard Kipling; Mr. M. O. Klotz; Mr. John Oxenham; Mrs. Punshon (for a hymn by the late Rev. Dr. W. Punshon); Rev. Dr. Reynar; Mr. J. D. Spence (for four songs); and to Dr. A. D. Watson (for two hymns); also to the *Boy's Own Paper* and to *Keith's Magazine* for permission to reprint articles that had appeared in their pages.

J. E. J.

PREFACE

This little collection is the fruit of the leisure left to me by the duties of my profession. Glorious summers in the wild woods and pleasant service during many years as organist in city churches have afforded the opportunity and the inspiration for it. That is the reason for the appearance in the book of two classes of compositions, different, but not, I think, incongruous; and for the title, *In Fane and Forest.*

Some of the tunes—the first in particular—have already met with wide and generous recognition in Canada and beyond; evidence is accumulating to encourage a pardonable hope that one or more of them may prove to have enduring value. Many of the songs appeared in the *University of Toronto Song Book*, which, though published as long ago as 1887, has still an extensive sale.

Many a time around the camp fire or gliding along in canoes have my comrades of the Aura Lee Club recalled these hymns and songs. If they commend themselves to the general public —well and good. If not, they have served and may still serve some joyous purpose.

James Edmund Jones.

Lawrence Park, Toronto,
Christmas, 1915.

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CONTENTS

HYMNS. PAGE

'The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want' 1
'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want' 2
'Our praises, Lord, Thou dost not need' 3
'God of our Fathers, known of old' 4
'Show me the way, O Lord' 5
'Lord, for to-morrow and its needs' ['Just for to-day'] . . 6
'O eyes that are weary' / 'Immortal, invisible, God only wise' 8
'Listen! the Master beseecheth' 10
'Because, dear Christ, your tender, wounded arm' . . . 12
Quadruple Chant 13
Evening Hymn: 'O'er land and ocean stealing' 14
'Thou Source of Being' 16
'O Love, Who formedst me to wear' 17
'Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round' 18
'I dared not hope that Thou wouldst deign' 19
'The day is gently sinking to a close' 19
'Neath Syrian Stars 20
'Lead us, O Father' 22
'We bless Thee, Lord' 23
Annotations to the hymn 'Just for to-day' 24
Austrian National Hymn 29

SONGS, &c.

The Lyre of Orpheus 30
The Landlady's Daughter 38
To the North 40
Away, away, away 44
The Maid from Algoma 46
Halli-hallo 48
The Tramp's Song 51
To the North with Aura Lee 53
The Pushful Pollywog 55

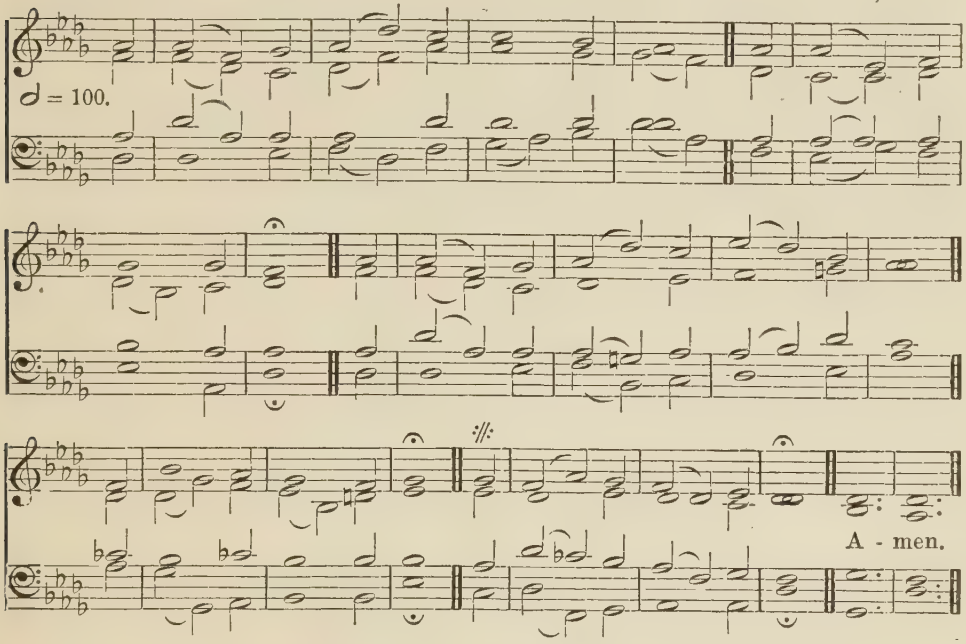
Songs, &c. PAGE

The Song my Paddle Sings 59
Fast and Far 68
Lullaby of the Iroquois 71
The Pilot. New Year's Day—and Every Day 74
Valedictory 82
Cobourg Waltz 87

A Canadian Experiment in Cricket 90
Pointers for Amateur House-planners 95
Foreword in a Guest Register 100
The Raindrop—A Story for Children 101

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

WALDEN. C.M. Key of D♭. JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1906.



Paraphrase of PSALM XXIII.

mf 1 THE LORD 's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green ; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own Name's sake.

mp 3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill ;
cres. For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

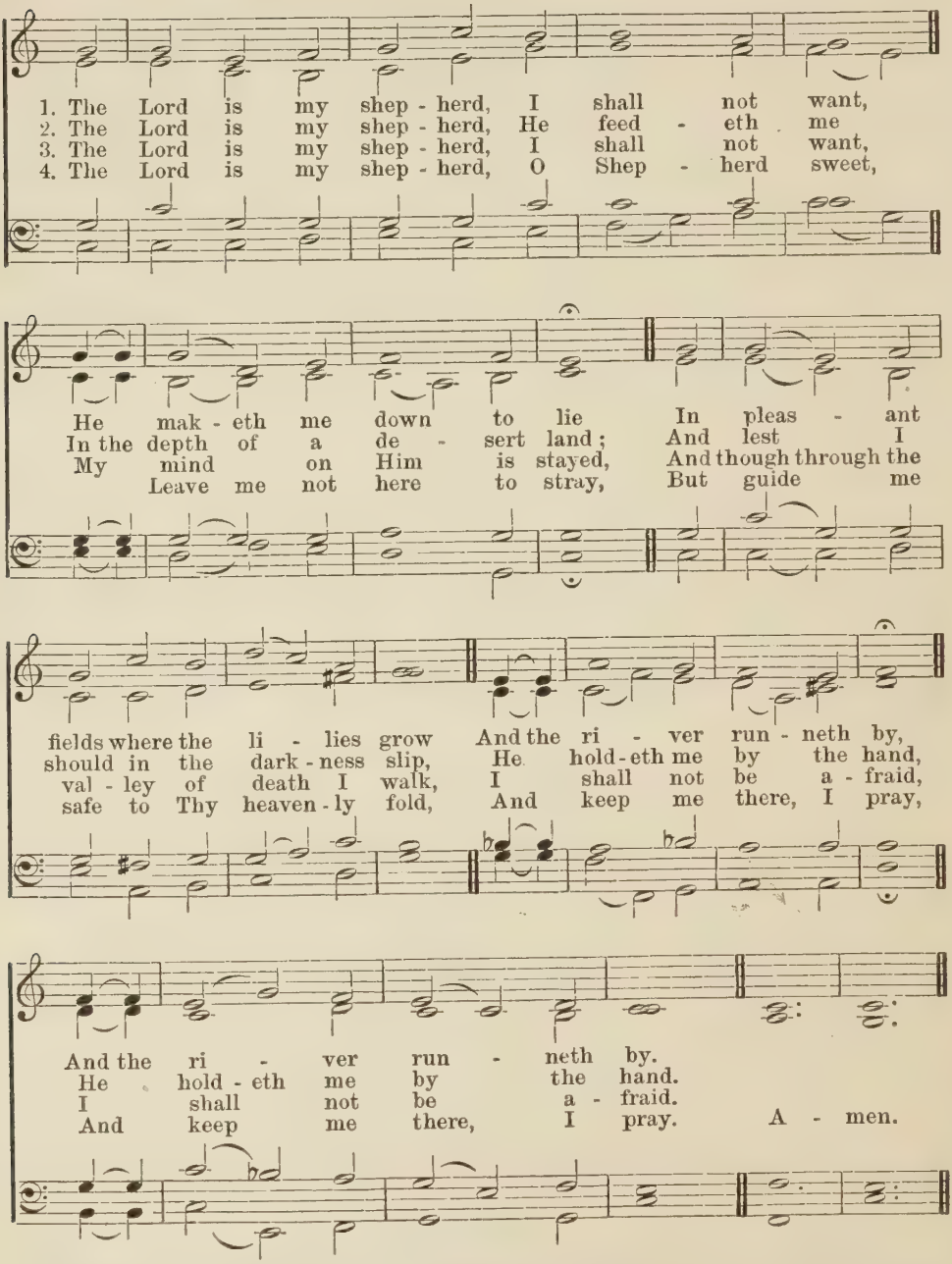
mf 4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes ;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me ;
And in GOD'S house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be. Amen.

FRANCIS ROUS, 1650.

The above appears in the *Book of Common Praise*, No. 634, and in the *University of Toronto Hymn Book*, No. 166. It has also been included in the draft new hymnals of the Canadian Presbyterians and of the Canadian Methodists.

WALDEN. ♩ = 100. Key of C. JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1906.



Walden first appeared in the *Song and Hymn Book of Aura Lee Club*, 1906, published for an athletic club composed of members of the Bible class for young men carried on for many years by the compiler of these notes. The name *Walden* is from the story *God's Good Man*, by Marie Corelli, the hero of which is the Rev. John Walden. Miss Corelli has kindly consented to the tune being set to her beautiful paraphrase which appears in that book. Hymn and tune are in *Worship and Song* (American Congregational Sunday School Hymnal), 1913.

In the Hymnal of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, 1911, edited by the distinguished hymnologist Dr. Louis F. Benson, the tune *Walden* is set to the following beautiful verses from the pen of Dr. Benson. They are a translation made in 1896 from some Latin verses of Charles Coffin, 1736.

1 Our praises, Lord, Thou dost not need;
'Tis rather that Thy love
Would have Thy children come to plead
For blessings from above.

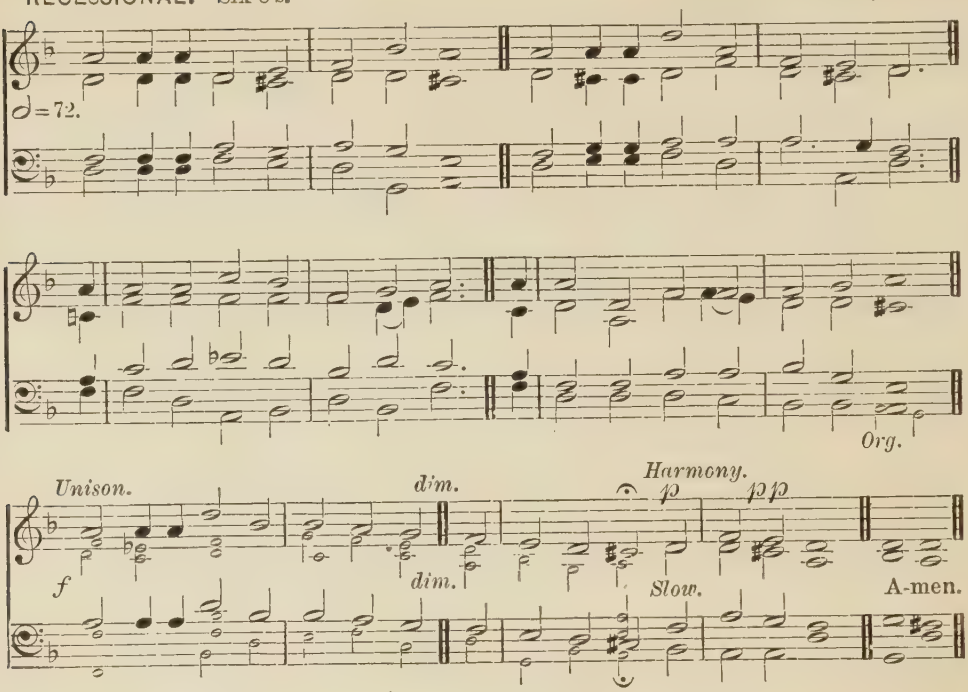
2 The secrets of Thy dark decrees
Deep night in silence sings;
Thy mercy's light, in golden seas,
The flooding sunshine brings.

3 Nor thought nor voice fulfil their part,
When by such wonders thrilled;
Yet love that pulses through the heart
Refuses to be stilled.

4 So let it speak our Father's praise,
To Thee Whose grace affords
A present help in evil days,
A hope of great rewards.

5 To them our dearest wishes rise,
Though earthly thoughts contend:
O Jesus, draw us toward the skies,
And guide us till the end.

RECESSIONAL. Six 8's. JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1906.



Beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God.—DEUT. viii. 11.

mf 1 GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far flung battle line,
Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
p LORD GOD of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
p LORD GOD of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 3 Far called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
p Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

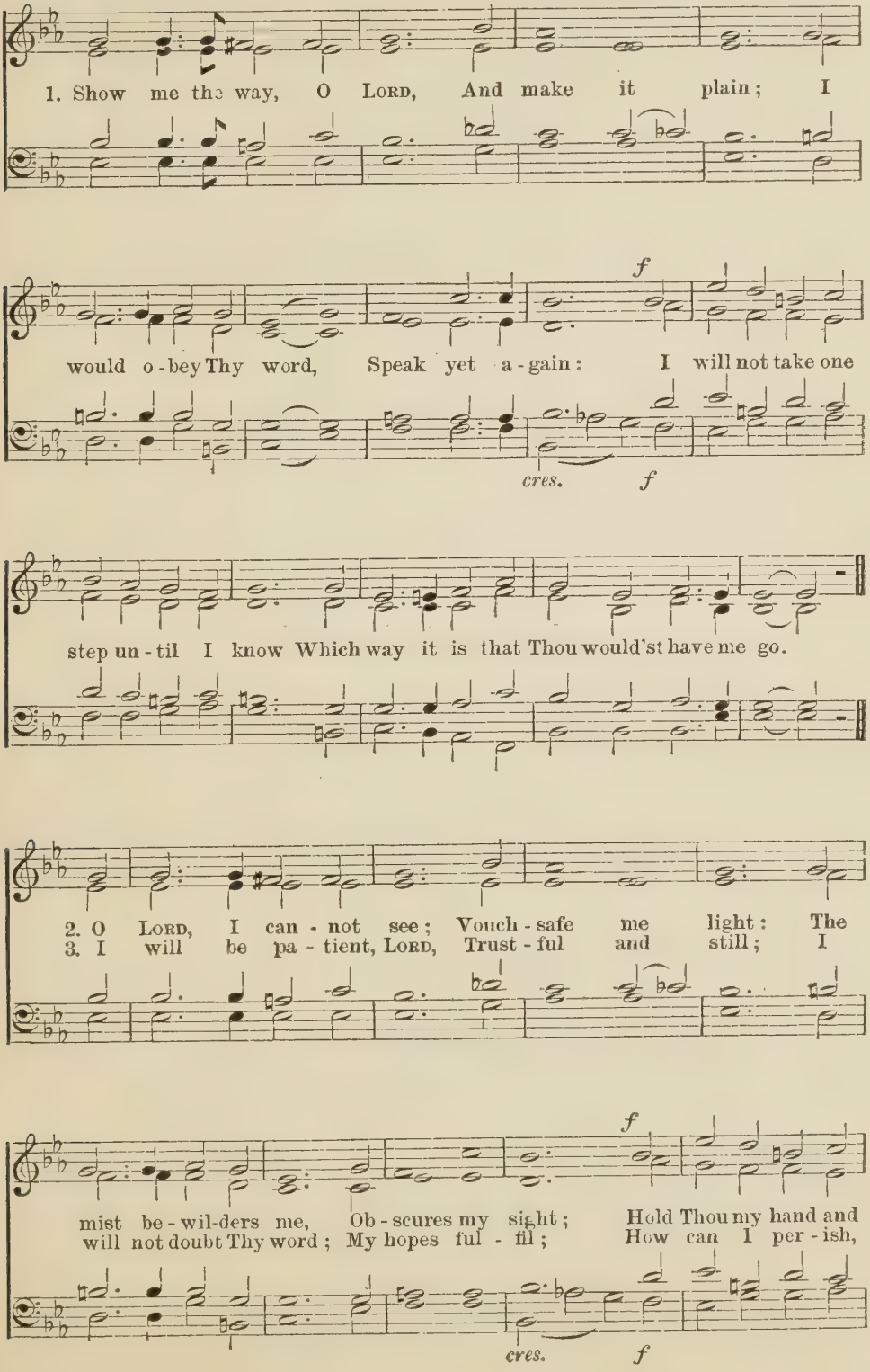
mp 4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law:
p LORD GOD of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

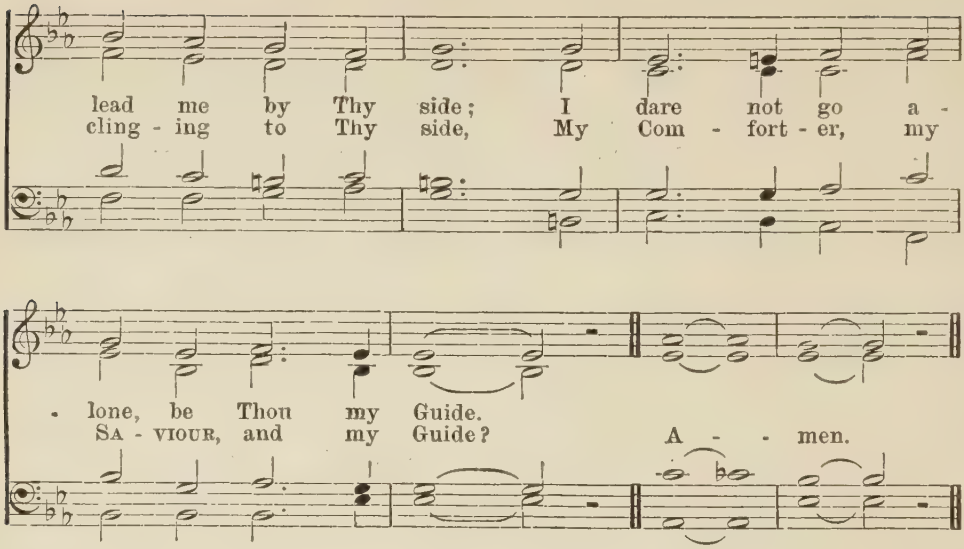
mp 5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard:
p For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, LORD. Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1897.

These words first appeared in *The Times*, July 17, 1897. They also appeared as the 'Recessional' in Kipling's *Five Nations*, 1903. The allusions in the hymn are to the incidents in the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and especially to the Procession and the Naval Review. Hymn and tune appear in draft hymnal of Canadian Methodists.

VIA VERA. 6.4.6.4.10.10. JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1906.



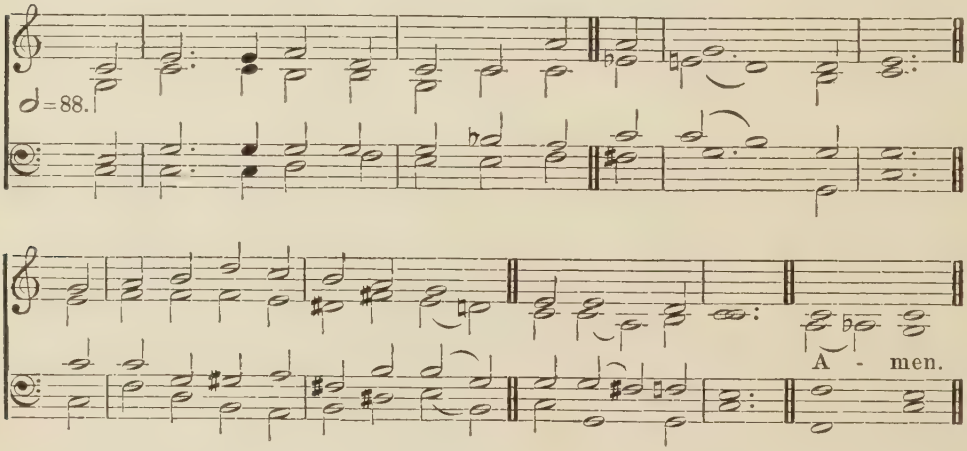


Words by JANE E. SAXBY, 1811–1898.

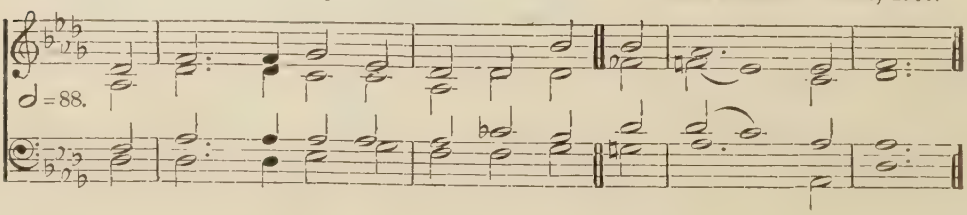
This tune first appeared in the *Song and Hymn Book of Aura Lee Club*, 1906. In a recent hymnal it is set to 'Weary of earth and laden with my sin'.

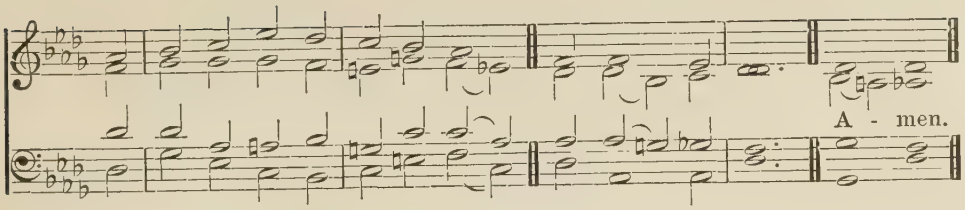
JUST FOR TO-DAY

BELLEVILLE. 8.4.8.4. Key of C. JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1906.



BELLEVILLE. 8.4.8.4. Key of D♭. JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1906.





Be not therefore anxious for the morrow.—St. Matt. vi. 34.

mp 1 LORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

mf 2 Let me both diligently work
And duly pray ;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

3 Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey ;
Help me to sacrifice myself,
Just for to-day.

4 Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say ;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

5 Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay ;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

6 Lord, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray ;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day. Amen.

Anon., 1880.

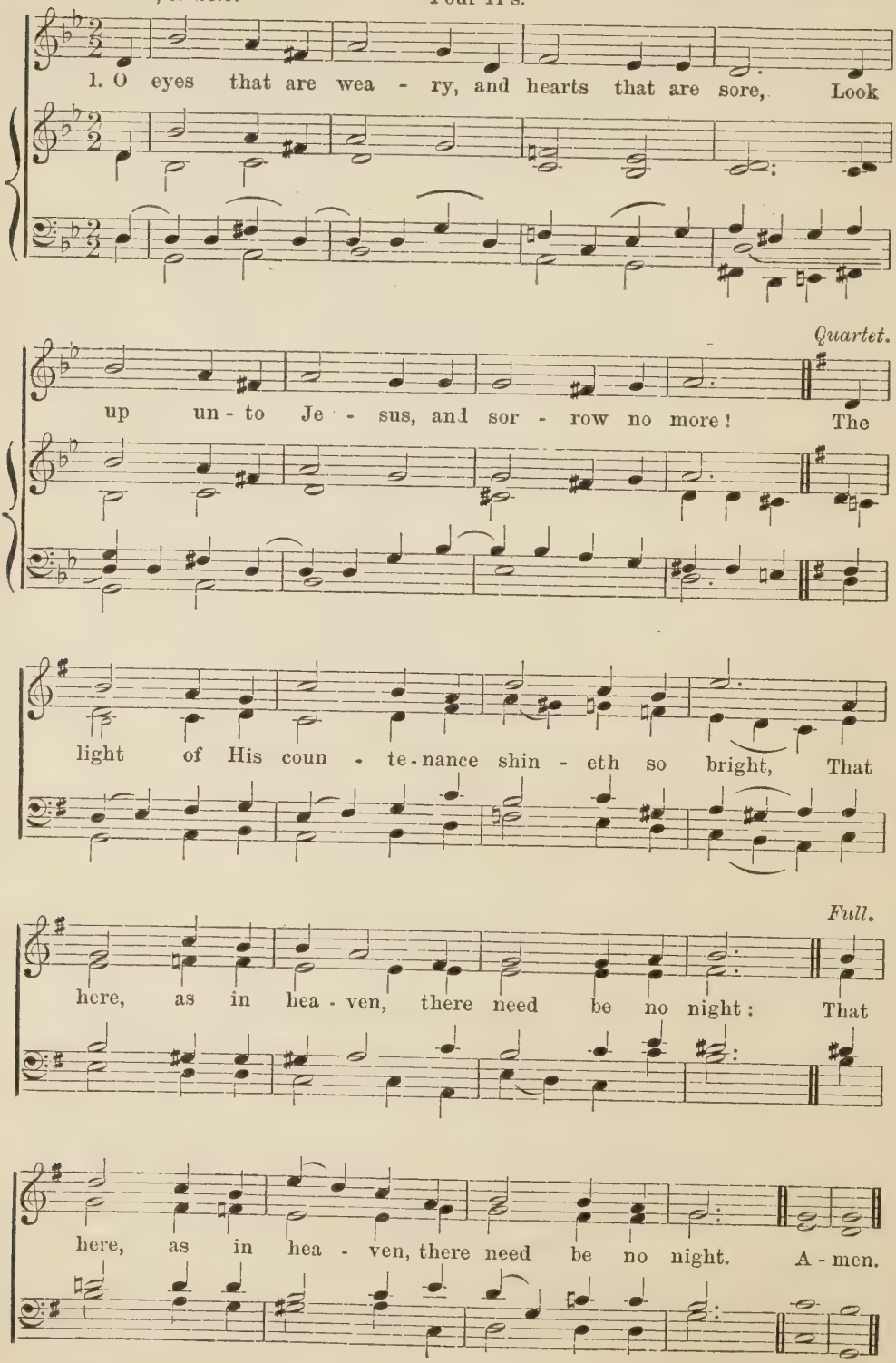
Tune *Belleville*, so called from the birthplace of the composer, first appeared in the *Song and Hymn Book of Aura Lee Club*, 1906. The composer is a practising barrister of Toronto, Ont. He was convener of Compilation Committee of *Book of Common Praise* (Can. Angl.), 1905-1909. He was also chairman of the Compilation Committee of the *University of Toronto Song Book*, 1887, and author of *Camping and Canoeing*. This hymn and tune appear in the new *Canadian Methodist Hymnal*.

O EYES THAT ARE WEARY

AURA LEE.

Words by ANNA B. WARNER, 1820–1915. Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, 1915.

Unison, or Solo. Four 11's.



mf 2 While looking to JESUS, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see JESUS near;
I know that His presence my safeguard will be,
For, 'Why are ye troubled?' He saith unto me.

mp 3 Still looking to JESUS, O may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in His presence to be;
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

f 4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of JESUS, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

ANNA BARTLETT WARNER, 1858.

Miss Warner was the writer of 'Jesus loves me, this I know' and other hymns. She was the sister of the author of *Queechy* and of other novels. She was born near New York. The above hymn and tune appear in the new *Canadian Methodist Hymnal.*

IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE, GOD ONLY WISE

The King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the only wise God.—1 TIM. i. 17.

f 1 IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great Name we praise.

mf 2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as night,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

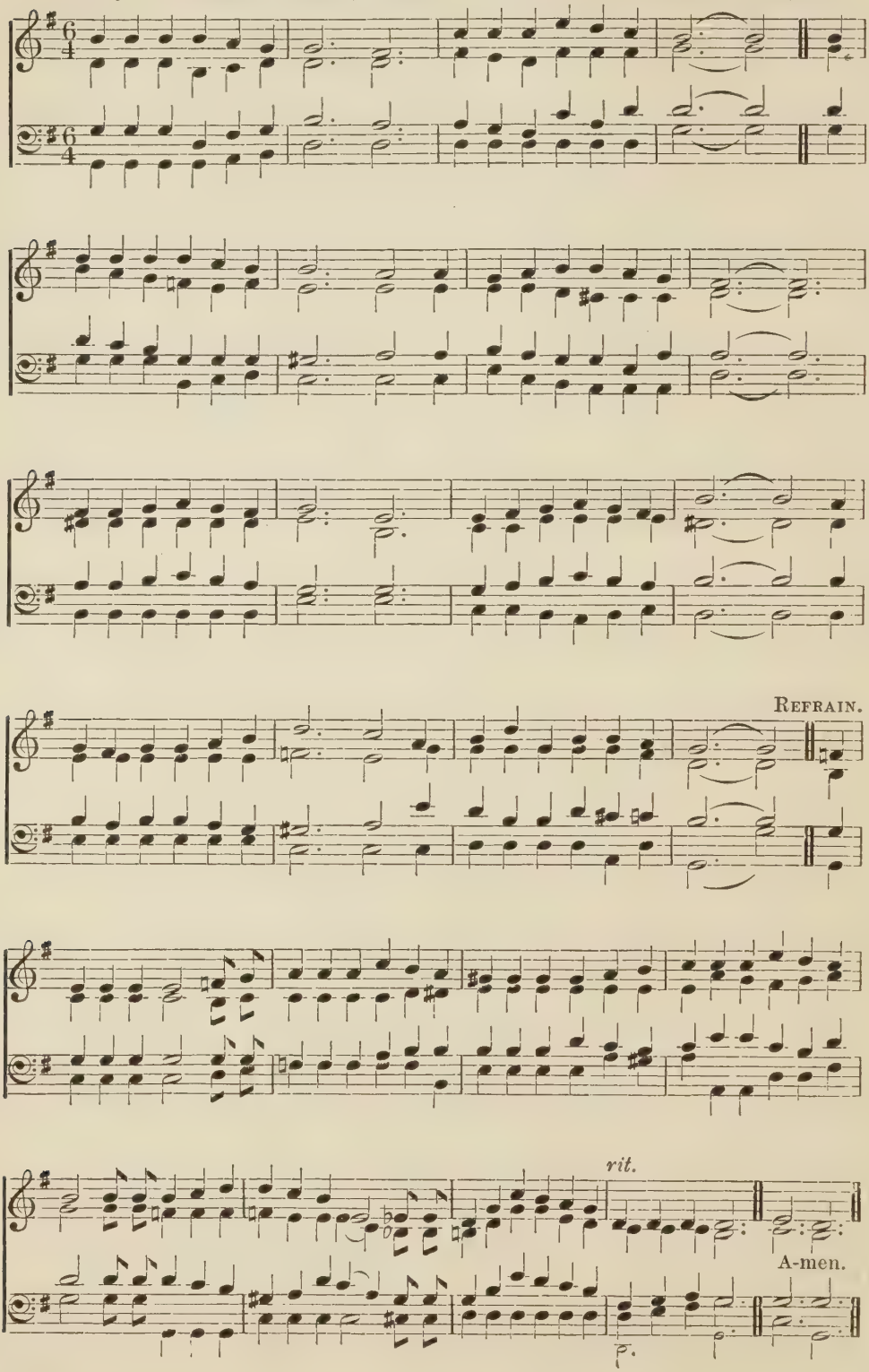
mp 3 To all life Thou givest—to both great and small;
To all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—(*cr.*) but naught changeth Thee.

f 4 Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render; oh, help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee.

Rev. Dr. W. CHALMERS SMITH, 1876.

The above words are in *English Hymnal* (Anglican), *Sunday School Hymnary*, &c.

Words by Wm. Morley Punshon, 1824-1881. Music by Jas. Edmund Jones, 1915.



mf 1 LISTEN! the Master beseecheth,
Calling each one by his name;
His voice to each loving heart reacheth,
Its cheerfulness service to claim.
Go where the vineyard demandeth
Vinedressers' nurture and care;
Or go where the white harvest standeth,
The joy of the reaper to share.

f *Then work, brothers, work! let us slumber no longer;*
For God's call to labour grows stronger and stronger:
The light of this life shall be darkened full soon;
But the light of the better life resteth at noon.

mf 2 Seek those of evil behaviour,
Bid them their lives to amend;
Go, point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
p Still be the lone heart of anguish
Soothed by the pity of thine;
By waysides, if wounded ones languish,
Go, pour in the oil and the wine.

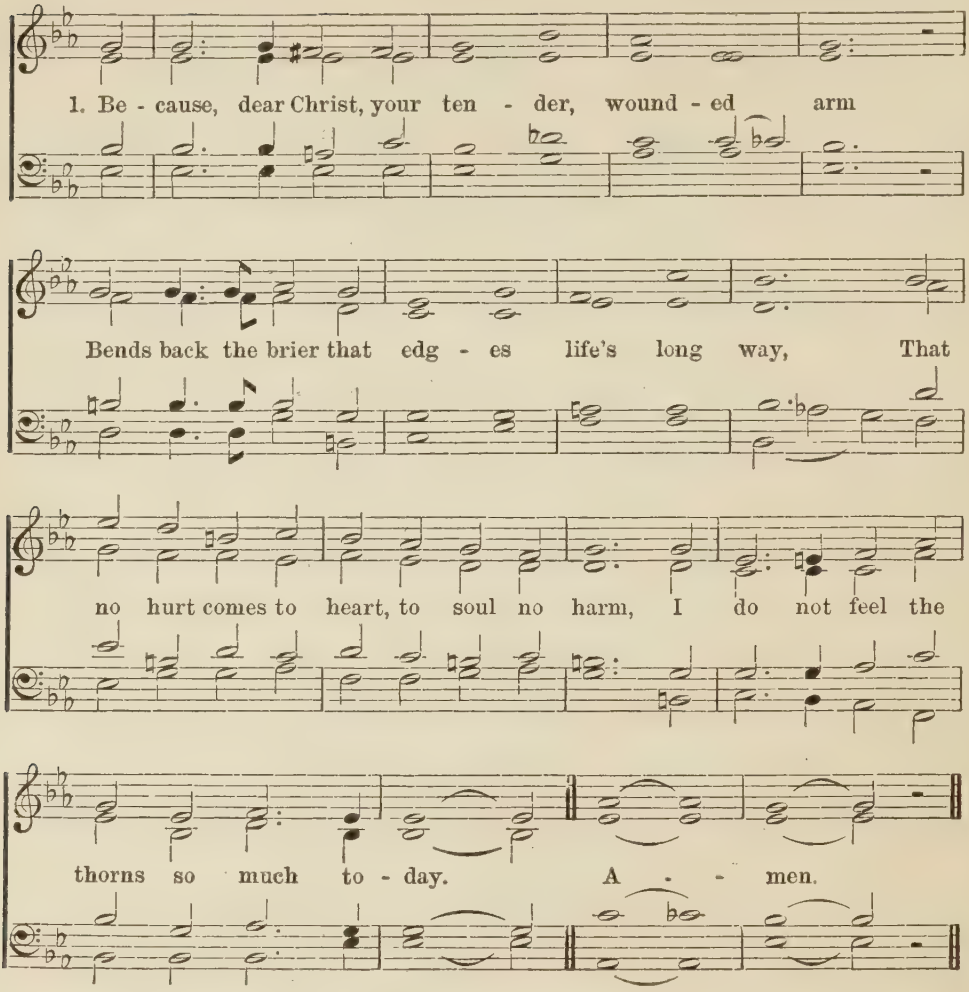
mf 3 Work for the good that is nighest:
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.

f 4 Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
dim. And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labour with song.
p What if the poor heart complaineth,
cr. Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
For there, in the rest that remaineth,
I shall grieve and be weary no more.

Rev. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.
(Victoria University, Cobourg, 1873),
President Canadian Methodist Conference, 1868–1872.

The words of this hymn appear in the *Canadian Methodist Hymnal* and elsewhere. The second stanza may be omitted if it is desired to shorten the hymn.

VIA VERA. Four 10's. JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1906.

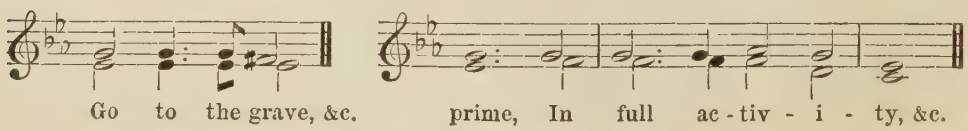


2 Because I never knew your care to tire,
Your hand to weary guiding me aright,
Because you walk before and crush the brier,
It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

3 Because so often you have hearkened to
My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now,
That these harsh hands of mine add not unto
The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

With slight changes the above may be set to the following hymn, which will appear in the new *Canadian Methodist Hymnal*:



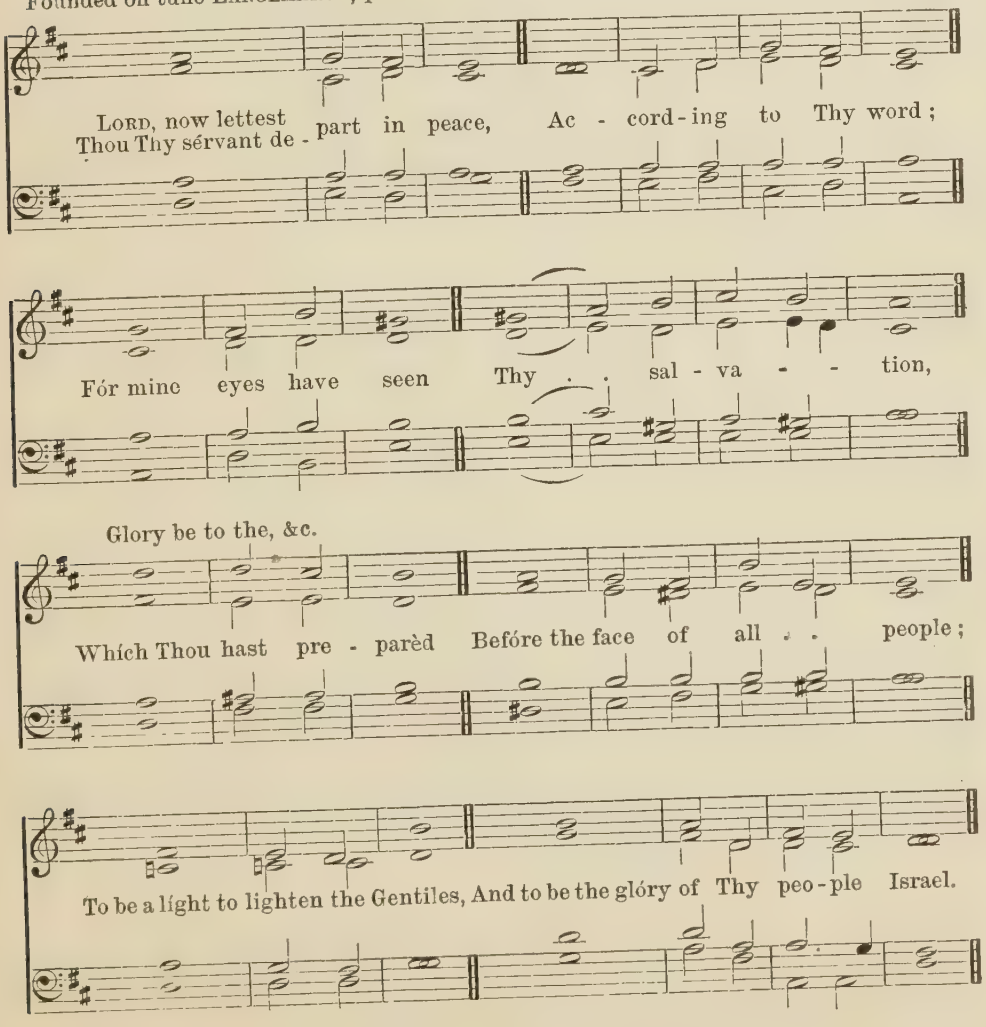
mp 1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
cr. A Christian cannot die before his time;
mp The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

mf 2 Go to the grave; now take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
cr. Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

ANON.

QUADRUPLE CHANT

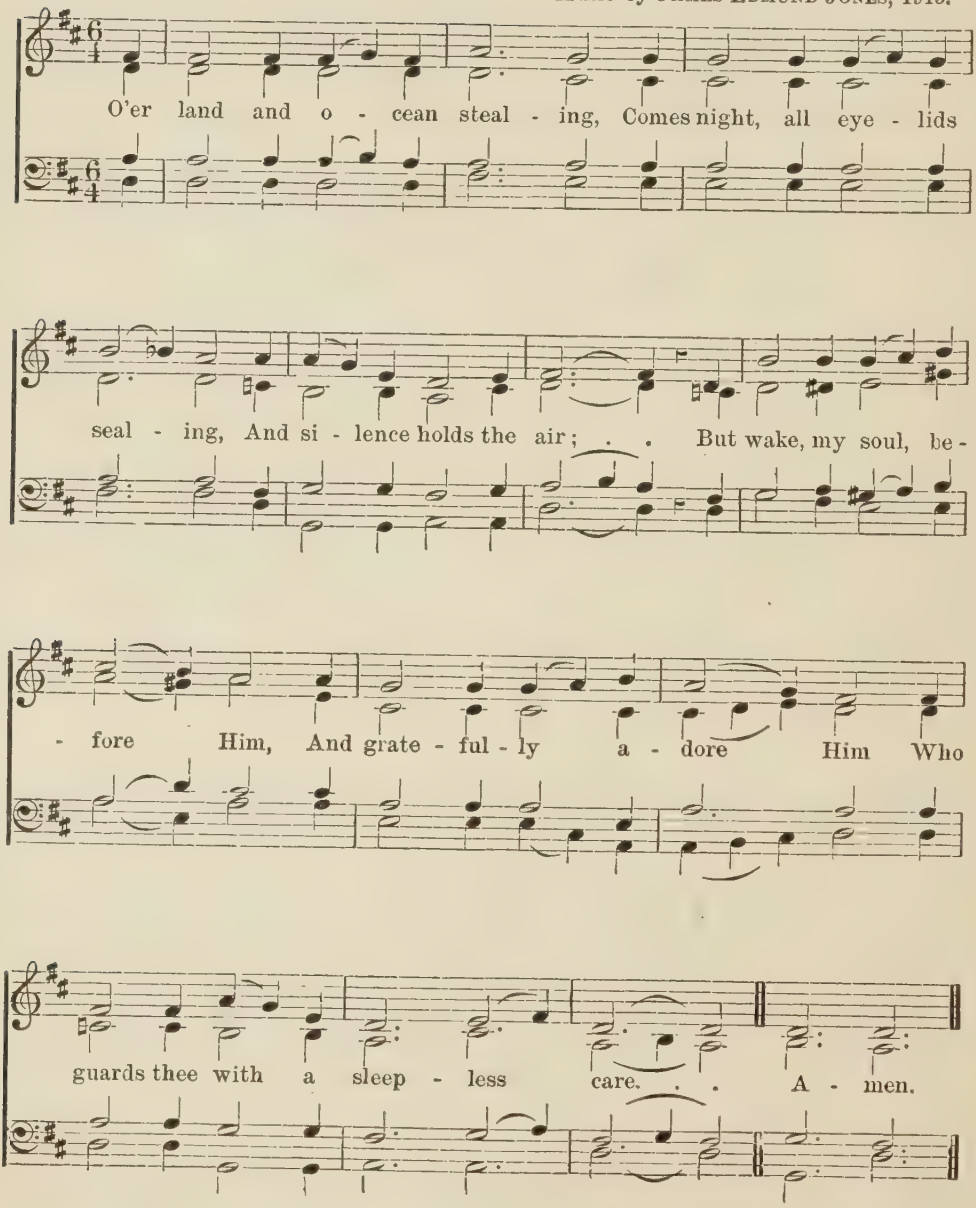
Founded on tune LANGEMARCK, p. 18. JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1915.



EVENING HYMN

BLYTHEWOOD. 7.7.6.7.7.8.

Words by Rev. Dr. REYNAR, from the German of PAUL GERHARDT.
Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1915.



mp 1 O'ER land and ocean stealing,
Comes night, all eyelids sealing,
And silence holds the air;
cr But wake, my soul, before Him,
And gratefully adore Him
dim. Who guards thee with a sleepless care.

mf 2 The sun himself hath vanished,
By conquering darkness banished,
By darkness, foe of day;
f But CHRIST, my sun, ascendeth,
New light and joy He lendeth
To drive my spirit's gloom away.

mf 3 The day declared His glory,
The stars now tell the story,—
The marvels of His might.
f So, when this life is ended,
I with the saints ascended
Shall praise His love in endless light.

* *mp* 4 My body for its resting
Of toil-stained garb divesting,
In sleep, from care I hide.
mf What dreams and visions cheer me!
How CHRIST, my Lord, comes near me.
And sets me by His wounded side.

* *mp* 5 With mind and body jaded,
And eyes from watching faded,
I long the day to close.
Soon comes the time and hour
When from all troublous power
Kind death shall bring a sweet repose.

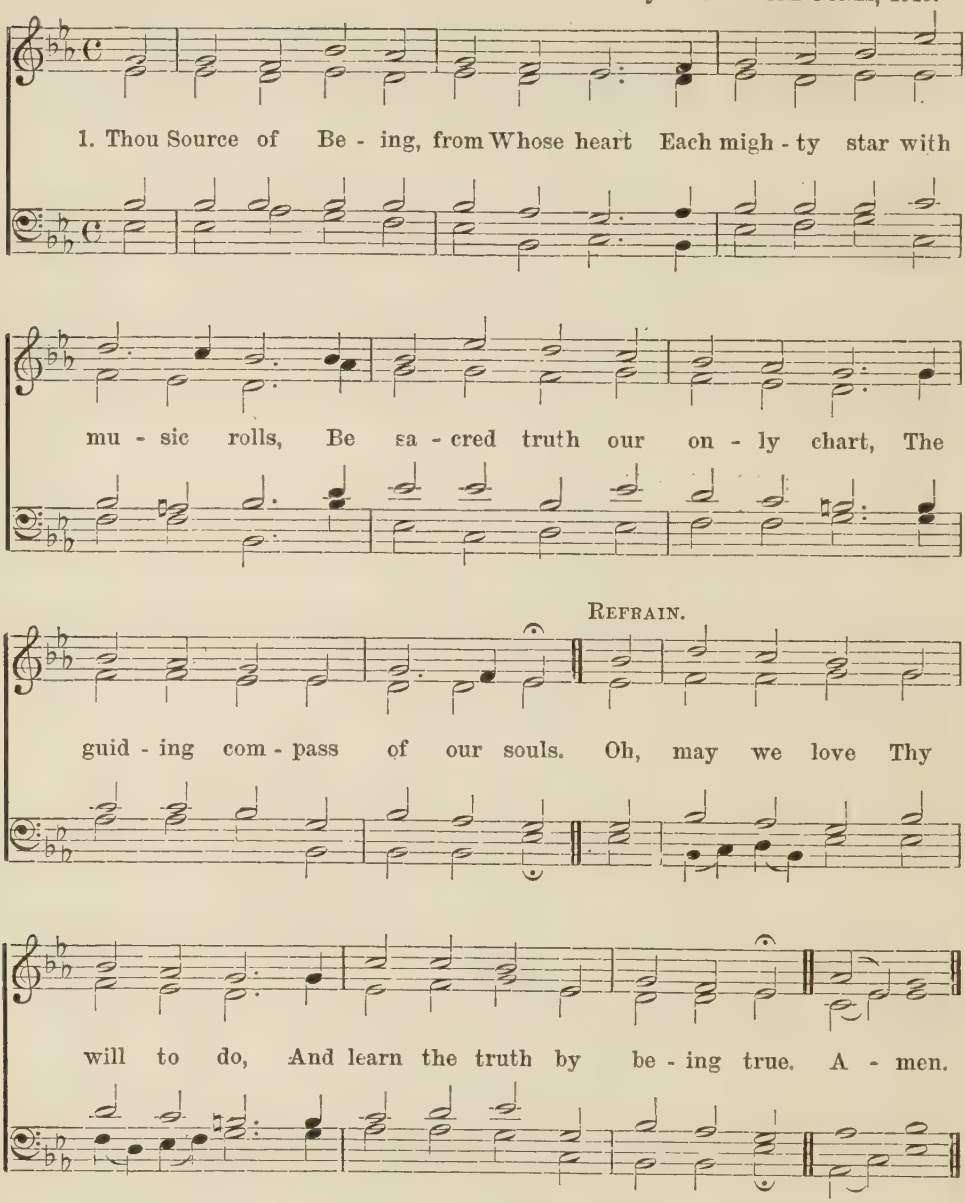
mf 6 When eyes shall close for ever,
When soul and body sever,
What then for me remains?
f The GOD of my salvation
Will, in His new creation,
Give endless bliss for mortal pains. Amen.

* These stanzas may be omitted if it is desired to shorten the hymn. The words appear in the new *Canadian Methodist Hymnal.*

THOU SOURCE OF BEING

JOYCE. Six 8's.

Words by Dr. A. D. WATSON.
Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, 1915.



2 We thank Thee for the sacred page
By men of faith and wisdom penned;
Thou dost not cease in any age
To us Thy truth inspired to send.

3 Not only would we in our song
But in our lives Thy Name confess,
Whose love is infinite and strong,
Whose noblest praise is righteousness.

4 Here may our spirits, grown more wise,
Be lifted earthly cares above;
Here would we in communion rise
To visions of celestial love.

The above hymn is in the *Canadian Methodist Hymnal.* Dr. Watson was a prominent member of the Compilation Committee. The hymn was submitted anonymously. It had previously appeared in the *Christian Guardian* under pseudonym Walter T. Dobsan, which name contains the same letters as Albert D. Watson.

God is Love.—1 JOHN iv. 8.

mp 1 O LOVE, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
mf O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mp 2 O Love, Who ere life's earliest morn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, Who here as Man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made;
mf O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

p 3 O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe!
cres. O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
mf O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mp 4 O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
mf O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

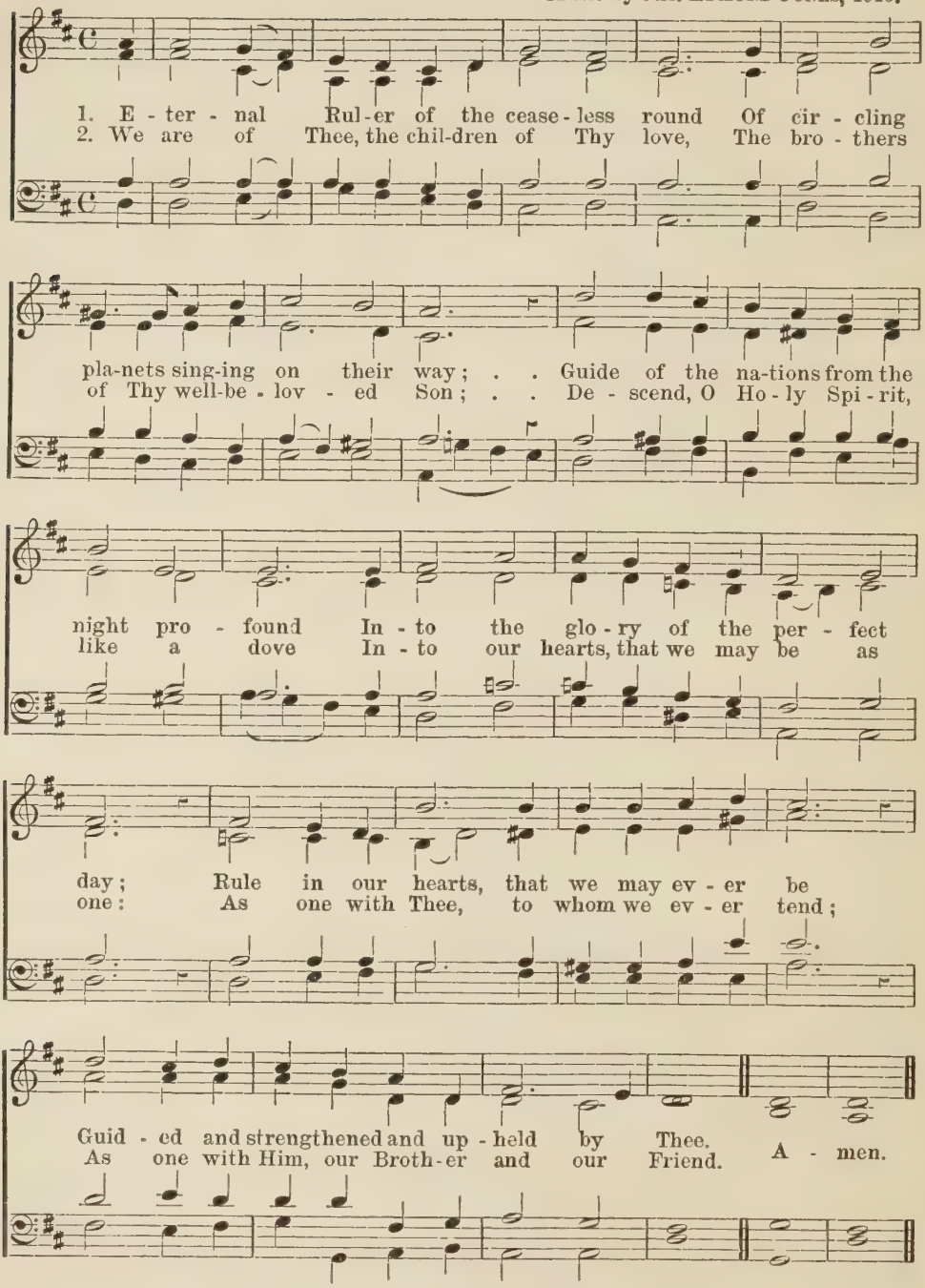
5 O Love, Whose voice shall bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, Whose hand o'er yonder skies
Shall set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be. Amen.

Tr. (1858) from the German of Rev. J. SCHEFFLER (1624–1677) by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

The above words appear in *Book of Common Praise* and many other hymnals.

LANGEMARCK. Six 10's.

Words by Rev. J. W. CHADWICK.
Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, 1915.



3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,
One in the power that makes the children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine:
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

Rev. JOHN WHITE CHADWICK (Unitarian), 1840–1904.

Written, 1864, for his graduating class, Cambridge, Mass. This hymn appears in *American Presbyterian*, *University of Toronto Hymnal*, *English and Canadian Baptist*, *Church Hymns* (Eng. Ang.), *English Hymnal* (Ang.), *Hymns of the Kingdom*, &c.

1 I DARED not hope that Thou wouldst deign to come
And make this lowly heart of mine Thy home;
That Thou wouldst deign, O King of kings, to be
E'en for one hour a sojourner in me;
Yet art Thou always here to help, and bless,
And lift the load of my great sinfulness.

2 I dared not ever hope for such a Guide
To walk with me my faltering steps beside,
To help me when I fall, and, when I stray,
Constrain me gently to the better way;
Yet art Thou always at my side to be
A Counsellor and Comforter to me.

3 I do not always go where Thou dost lead;
I do not always Thy soft whispers heed;
I follow other lights, and, in my sin,
I vex with many a slight my Friend within;
Yet dost Thou not, though grieved, from me depart,
But guardest still Thy place within my heart.

From *Towards Fields of Light*, 1890, by Rev. Edwin Hatch, D.D., 1835–1889, author of the well-known hymn, 'Breathe on me, Breath of God'; Rector of Quebec High School, 1862–7, afterwards Vice-Principal of St. Mary's College, Oxford, and Bampton Lecturer. This hymn is in *English Methodist* and in *The Fellowship Hymn Book*.

1 THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou,
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now;
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end:
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail:
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, 'Fear not, for it is I.'

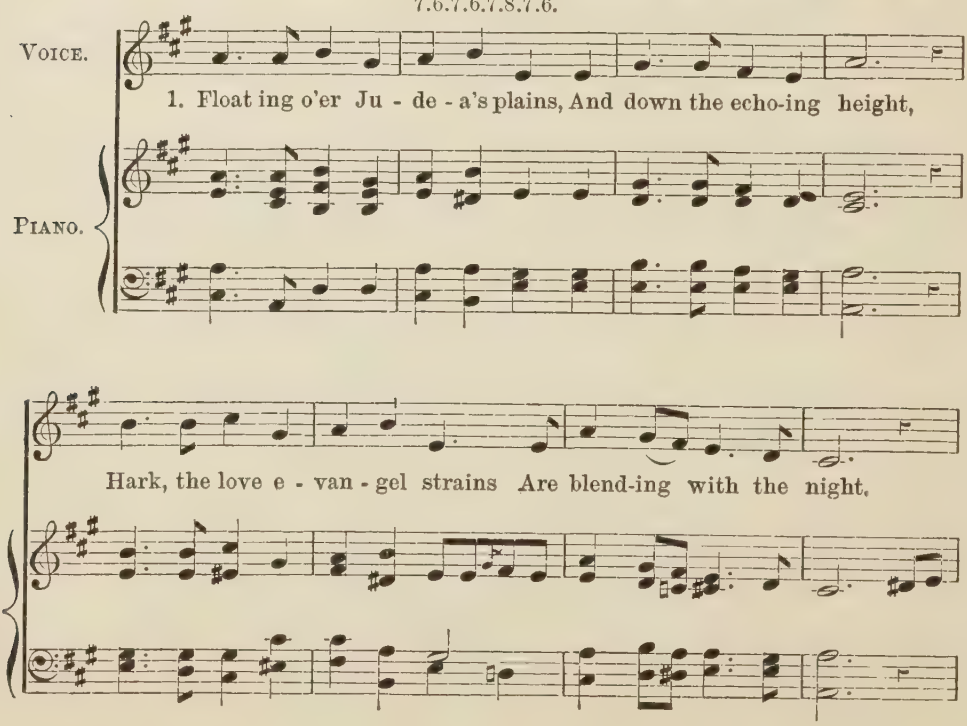
4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

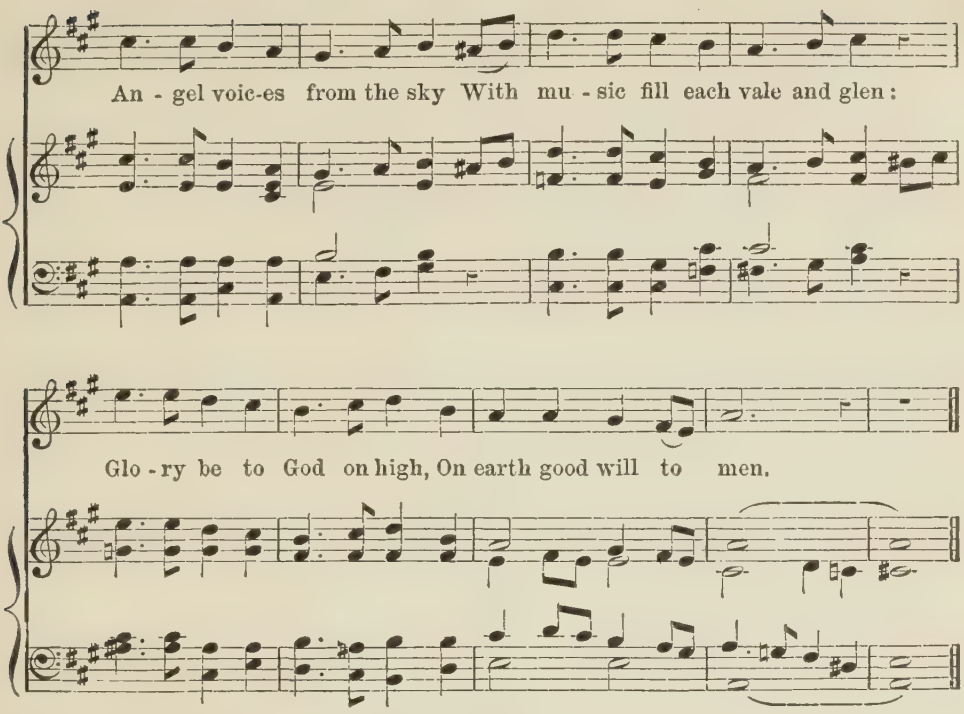
From *The Holy Year*, ed. 1863, by Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1807–1885), nephew of William Wordsworth. He wrote many famous hymns: 'O day of rest and gladness', 'Alleluia! Alleluia! hearts to heaven and voices raise', 'See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph', 'Hark, the sound of holy voices', 'O Lord of heaven and earth and sea', 'Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost', &c. The above evening hymn is found in *Church Hymns* (Ang.), *American Protestant Episcopal, Scottish Presbyterian, English and Canadian Baptist, American Methodist, American Presbyterian, American Congregational, Irish Hymnal, Hymns of the Kingdom*, &c.

'NEATH SYRIAN STARS

Words by Dr. A. D. Watson, 1915. Music by Jas. Edmund Jones, 1887.

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.





2 Evermore that wondrous strain
The door of hope unbars,
Whether in the cloistered fane,
Or 'neath the Syrian stars.
Sing the joy-notes once again,
And let them echo to the sky:
'Peace on earth, good will to men,
Glory to God on high.'

3 Still is heard the shepherd's quest
That rose to Bethlehem's walls,
Burdened with a great unrest,
The world for Christ still calls.
From the vales and hills He trod,
Still rings the song that ne'er shall cease:
'Glory, glory be to God,
To men, good will and peace.'

4 Angel harps, our souls inspire
With grace to conquer wrong,
Fill us with a deep desire
To live the angel-song,
Till the life of love be found
In every land beneath the sky,
Till the whole wide world resound:
'Glory to God on high.'

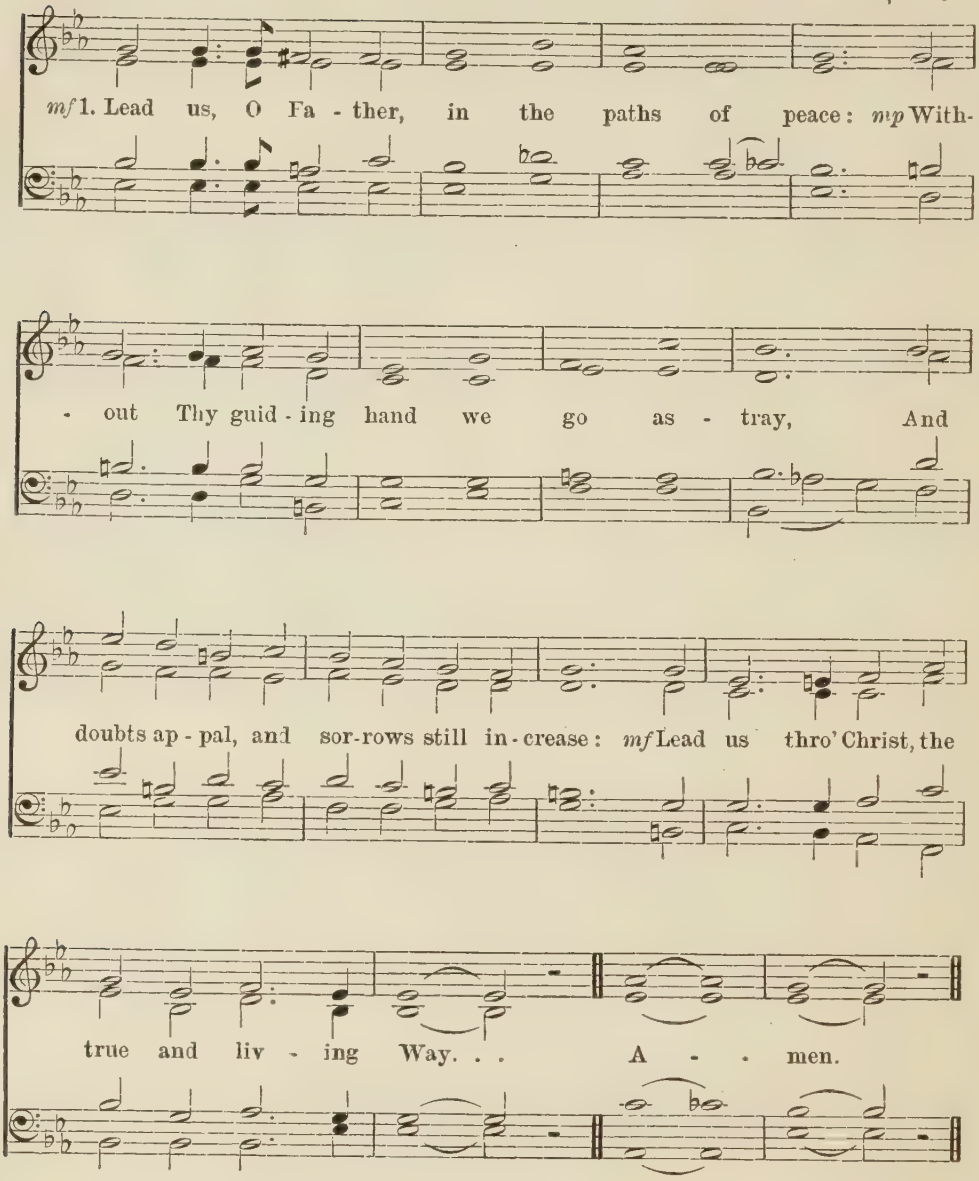
ALBERT D. WATSON, M.D.

The above words will appear in the new *Canadian Methodist Hymnal.* The music first appeared in *University of Toronto Song Book* set to different words.

LEAD US, O FATHER

VIA VERA. Four 10's.

JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1906.



2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth :
mp Unhelped by Thee, in error's name we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith or hope.

mf 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right :
mp Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darkening night ;
mf Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the pathway be,
cr Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

WM. H. BURLEIGH, 1868.

The words of the above hymn appear in *Church Praise*.

mf 1 WE bless Thee, Lord, for all this common life
Can give of rest and joy amidst its strife ;
f For earth and trees, and sea and clouds and springs ;
For work, and all the lessons that it brings.

mf 2 For Pisgah gleams of newer, fairer truth,
Which ever ripening still renews our youth ;
For fellowship with noble souls and wise,
Whose hearts beat time to music of the skies ;

3 For each achievement human toil can reach,
For all that patriots win and poets teach,
For the old light that gleams on history's page,
For the new hope that shines on each new age.

4 May we to these our lights be ever true,
Find hope and strength and joy for ever new,
To heavenly visions still obedient prove,
f The Eternal Law, writ by the Almighty Love !

J. M. WHITE.

The words of this hymn appear in *Worship Song* and *Canadian Methodist Hymnal*.

ANNOTATIONS TO THE HYMN 'JUST FOR TO-DAY'

(*See page* 7.)

THESE words first appeared in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, 1880. The full form is in *In Hymnis et Canticis: Verses Sacred and Profane*, by a Sister of Notre-Dame (S. M. X.), 1903. The words have often been wrongly attributed to members of the celebrated Wilberforce family. The *Toronto Globe* in 1910, on the authority of a Toronto lady, gave the name of the nun and referred to distinguished relatives of hers, but she prefers that she be described merely as 'a sister of Notre-Dame, of the Community of Mount Pleasant, Liverpool'.

In 1910 a convict in the Kingston Penitentiary, Ont., claimed to have written the hymn, and much public interest was aroused in the authorship. The Hymnal Committee of the *Book of Common Praise* received several interesting replies to their inquiries as to the authorship of this hymn. The letter from Canon Basil Wilberforce (now Archdeacon Wilberforce of Westminster Abbey) to Mr. James Edmund Jones encloses a copy of a temperance pledge card familiar to many Canadians. The Archdeacon writes:

The hymn 'Just for to-day' is from an ancient Roman Catholic source —one of the verses omitted began or ended with 'Teach me to live as Mary's Child, Just for to-day'. The hymn was given to me in 1883 and in *that year* I printed it on the back of my pledge cards. When I was holding a series of total abstinence meetings in Canada in the year 1887 some thousands of these cards were circulated. Mr. Howland was Mayor of Toronto at the time and presided at several of my meetings. Perhaps our convict brother was one of those who signed the pledge with me and so became possessed of the hymn.

The Rev. Carey Bonner, editor of the *Sunday School Hymnary*, London, England, is a hymnologist of standing, and writes as follows:

When preparing the hymnary I was quite baffled in my endeavours to trace the authorship and had to trust the information supplied to me. In every instance where I found the hymn printed with the author's name attached the name was 'Wilberforce'. Evidently it was a favourite hymn with the Wilberforces and was quoted by the Canon. One informant said the hymn certainly was by the late Bishop Wilberforce of Chichester. Another said it was by one of the family who joined the army, and he gave some story which I am afraid was apocryphal, concerning the MS. being found in young Wilberforce's pocket. I did my best to verify these statements by searching in the libraries, but failed. As one gentleman said he had seen the hymn in the '70's' I thought it

best to put the guarded statement that the hymn was attributed to E. R. Wilberforce, *circa* 1870.

A similar difficulty met me with the tune. In one American book Dr. Palmer's tune was described as 'Copyright 1887', but I was informed that it had appeared earlier than this. However, when later and more accurate information came to hand as to the writing of the hymn by the author of *In Hymnis et Canticis* I thought the evidence overwhelming, and in the later editions of the *Hymnary* have had the correct authorship given (i.e. to the nun, as in the Annotated Edition of the *Canadian Book of Common Praise*).

Extracts from Dr. Carey Bonner's Notes.

I. *American usage.*

The first American book in which I could trace the hymn was *Songs of Rejoicing*, No. 81, by J. H. Fillmore, Cincinnati, 1888. No authorship is attributed, simply 'words arranged'.

2. In the *Plymouth Hymnal*, edited by Lyman Abbott, 1893, the hymn is attributed to E. R. Wilberforce. Musical setting by Dr. H. R. Palmer.

3. In Biglow and Main's *Sacred Songs* No. II, 1899, No. 1, Rev. E. R. Wilberforce is given as the author; music by G. C. Stebbins.

4. In *Gloria Deo*, Funk and Wagnall, 1901, the hymn is attributed to E. R. Wilberforce. It is set to Dr. Palmer's tune with a foot-note 'Copyright 1887'.

5. In *Pilgrim Songs*, Boston Pilgrim Press, 1902, No. 178, no author's name is given. The tune, a new setting, is called 'Wilberforce'.

6. In the *Chautauqua Hymnal*, 1903, the author is given as E. R. Wilberforce, and Palmer's setting is used, with date 1887.

7. In the *Praise Book* issued by the Society of Christian Endeavour, the hymn is given—E. R. Wilberforce, 1870, and the tune, H. R. Palmer, 1875.

From the above memoranda it is clear that at any rate within eight years of the hymn's first appearance in England, it was inserted in an American book of songs, and there set to music. Probably it was copied into other American papers before this, and it might be worth while for some one interested to search in the Roman Catholic papers between 1880 and 1888.

II. *As to British use.*

A search in the Hymn collections of the last twenty years shows that, as a hymn, the verses have not been issued in any of the standard collections of the Churches, such, for example, as *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and the best known books of the established Church of England; nor in the collections of the Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and other Churches. In the *Union Mission Hymnal* issued by the Baptist Union in 1894, the verses appear without authorship, set to a new tune.

In the *Church of England Hymnal*, 1895, edited by Canon Bell and the Rev. H. E. Fox, the hymn, No. 397, is given as Anon.

In August 1905 it was published to Dr. Palmer's tune in the *Sunday School Hymnary*, and the same year it appeared in the music edition of Garrett Horder's *Worship Song*. No author's name is attached to the words, and a new musical setting is given.

In *Hymns of Consecration and Faith* and *Sacred Songs and Solos*, inter-denominational collections, the hymn is included without an ascription of authorship.

The earliest appearance of the verses yet traced (see *Julian's Dictionary*, last edition) is in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, organ of the Apostleship of Prayer, a 6*d*. Roman Catholic monthly which I have further examined. In the January number, 1880, begins the fourth series published in London, St. Joseph's Library, 48 South Street, Grosvenor Square, and by Burns and Oates, the well-known Catholic publishers. On the last (sixty-fourth) page of this number are given—'Dates and Topics of Prayer for members of the Apostleship of Prayer in the Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus'. Quite fittingly in such a magazine, the lines are found as here given :

TO-DAY.

Dignare, Domine, die esto, sine peccato nos custodire.

1 Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

2 Let me both diligently work
And duly pray ;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

3 Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey ;
Help me to mortify my flesh
Just for to-day.

4 Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say ;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

5 Let me, in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay ;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

6 And if to-day my tide of life
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy Sacraments divine,
Sweet LORD, to-day.

7 In Purgatory's cleansing fires
Brief be my stay;
O bid me, if to-day I die,
Go home to-day.

8 LORD, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, LORD,
Just for to-day. Amen.

S. M. X.

A modified edition of this poem gradually gained popularity. It was issued in separate leaflet form by more than one publisher, and was found, No. 10, in a series of Victoria Leaflets issued by an Evangelical Protestant publisher whose place of business was near Victoria Station.

The poem, still modified, appeared in a volume entitled *To-day and other Poems*, original and selected, issued by R. J. Masters in Vauxhall Bridge Road. The title of the volume is taken from the verses in question, which form No. 1 in the collection of poems. Here verses 1 and 2 are the same as in the 1880 version. Verse 3, the third line, is changed to 'Help me to sacrifice myself' instead of 'mortify my flesh'; verse 7, the first two lines are changed to—

Cleanse and receive my parting soul,
Be Thou my stay;
O bid me, &c.

Verse 8 is identical with one exception—in line 3—'hold me' instead of 'love me'. In this volume no author's name is given to the hymn. No. 2 Hymn, written by Mary Payne, is evidently intended to be a companion and is entitled 'To-night', and reads—

O Father, Who my prayer hath heard,
And kept me since the morning's light,
Hear me now when again I pray,
Just for to-night.

This hymn is characterized by piety, but certainly not by poetry. It is marked by poverty of thought and irregularity of metre. The Collection as a whole belongs to the ultra-Evangelical Protestant School, and it is at least curious that a Roman Catholic hymn should have given the title to a Collection of this kind.

Any question as to the authorship is set at rest by the issue of a volume entitled *In Hymnis et Canticis: Verses Sacred and Profane*, by a Sister of Notre-Dame, S. M. X., published by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London, 1903. The Dedication reads: 'To former students of Liverpool Training College, for whom most of these verses were written, in memory of happy years amongst them.' In the Preface the last paragraph reads: 'One or two of the hymns, as *Mother of Christ* and *Just for to-day*, have become frequent on the lips of those for whom I chiefly care to write—the children and the poor.' In this volume by S. M. X. on page 28 appears the poem, almost identical with the first issue in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

The variants are: verse 1, line 3—'dear God' instead of 'my God'.
Verse 2, line 3—'thought and word' instead of 'word and deed'.
Verse 6, lines 2 and 3 read—

Shall ebb away,
Let me Thy Sacraments receive.

Verse 7 is slightly changed thus—

Let me in Purgatorial fires,
Brief space delay;
Oh, let me, if to-day I die,
Go home to-day.

Then, after verse 5, appear four new lines—

Let me with Thee, my own true Life,
In spirit stay.
Stay Thou with me, my only Strength,
Just for to-day.

Other poems in the volume *In Hymnis* show the writer to be a gentle, devout soul, possessing a high order of lyrical gift. In her further sacred writings again and again a similar spirit to that breathing through 'To-day' may be traced.

The poems which she has called 'profane', as distinct from 'sacred', give evidence that the poetess possesses a cultured mind and a refined nature.

Summarizing results, I should say that the evidence of S. M. X. being the author of the poem 'To-day' is absolutely conclusive.

Translation by JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1887,
in *University of Toronto Song Book.*

Tune, 'Austria', by HAYDN, 1797.

1 GOD preserve our noble sov'reign, Franz, our Emp'ror great and good!
High in council, high in power, glorious hath he ever stood;
Garlands to keep green his mem'ry Love entwines, and ever should.
God preserve our noble sov'reign, Franz, our Emp'ror great and good!

2 Over flourishing dominions far and wide his rule extends,
In his dealings with his people Righteousness with Mercy blends;
And from off his flashing scutcheon, rays of brightness Justice sends.
God preserve, &c.

3 To adorn his life with virtues is his high and steadfast aim,
Not against his loyal people doth his sword with terror flame;
To have made them great and powerful, is the prize that he will claim.
God preserve, &c.

4 Freedom's blessings he hath given us, Slavery's bonds he burst in twain.
Early may he see his country to its highest power attain;
And when his last day is ended, let this chorus still remain:
God preserve, &c.

1 Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser, unsern guten Kaiser Franz:
Hoch als Herrscher, hoch als Weiser, steht er in des Ruhmes Glanz.
Liebe windet Lorbeerreiser Ihm zum ewig grünen Kranz;
Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser, unsern guten Kaiser Franz.

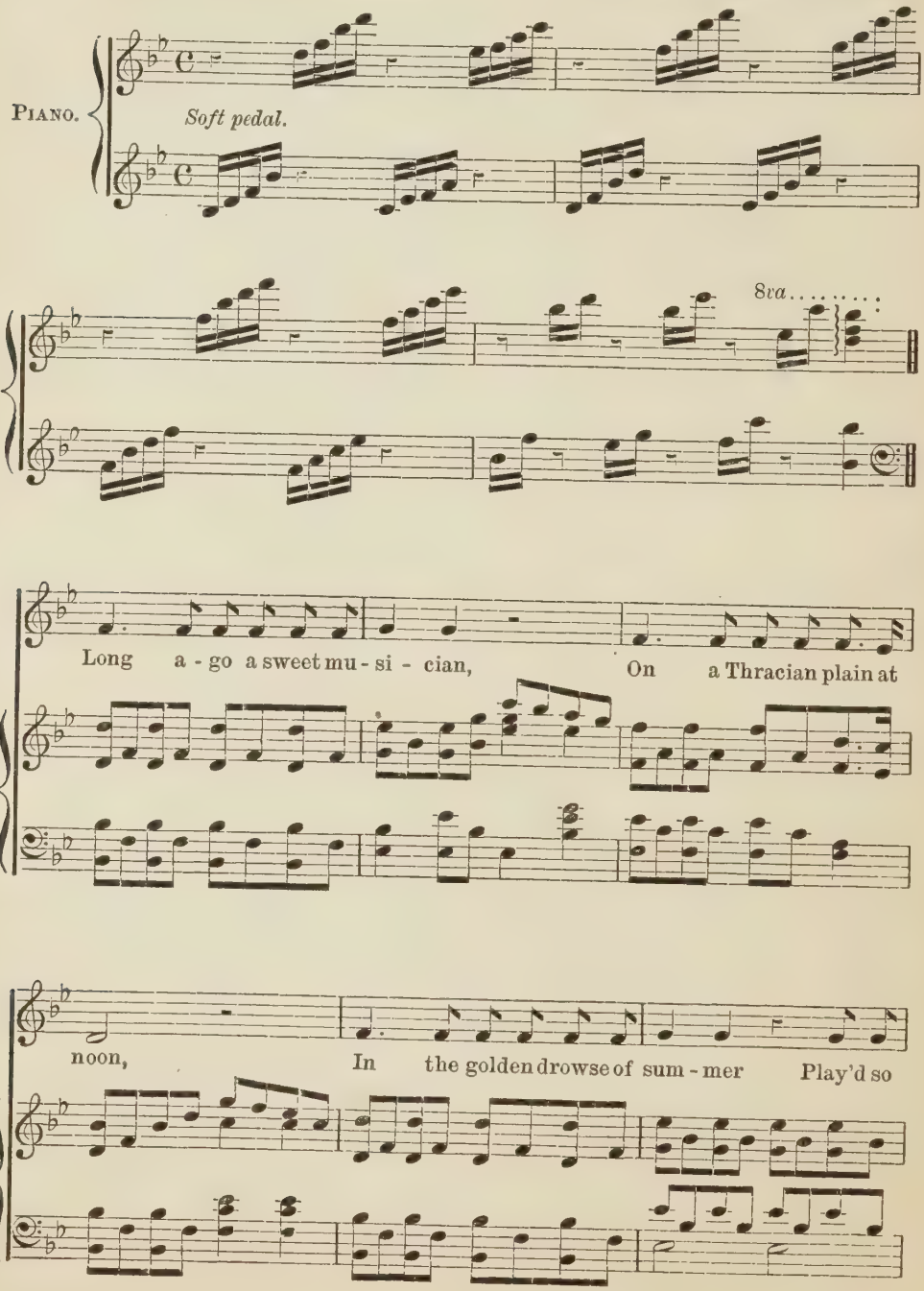
2 Ueber blühende Gefilde reicht sein Scepter weit und breit;
Säulen seines Throns sind Milde, Biedersinn und Redlichkeit,
Und von seinem Wappenschilde strahlet die Gerechtigkeit.
Gott erhalte, &c.

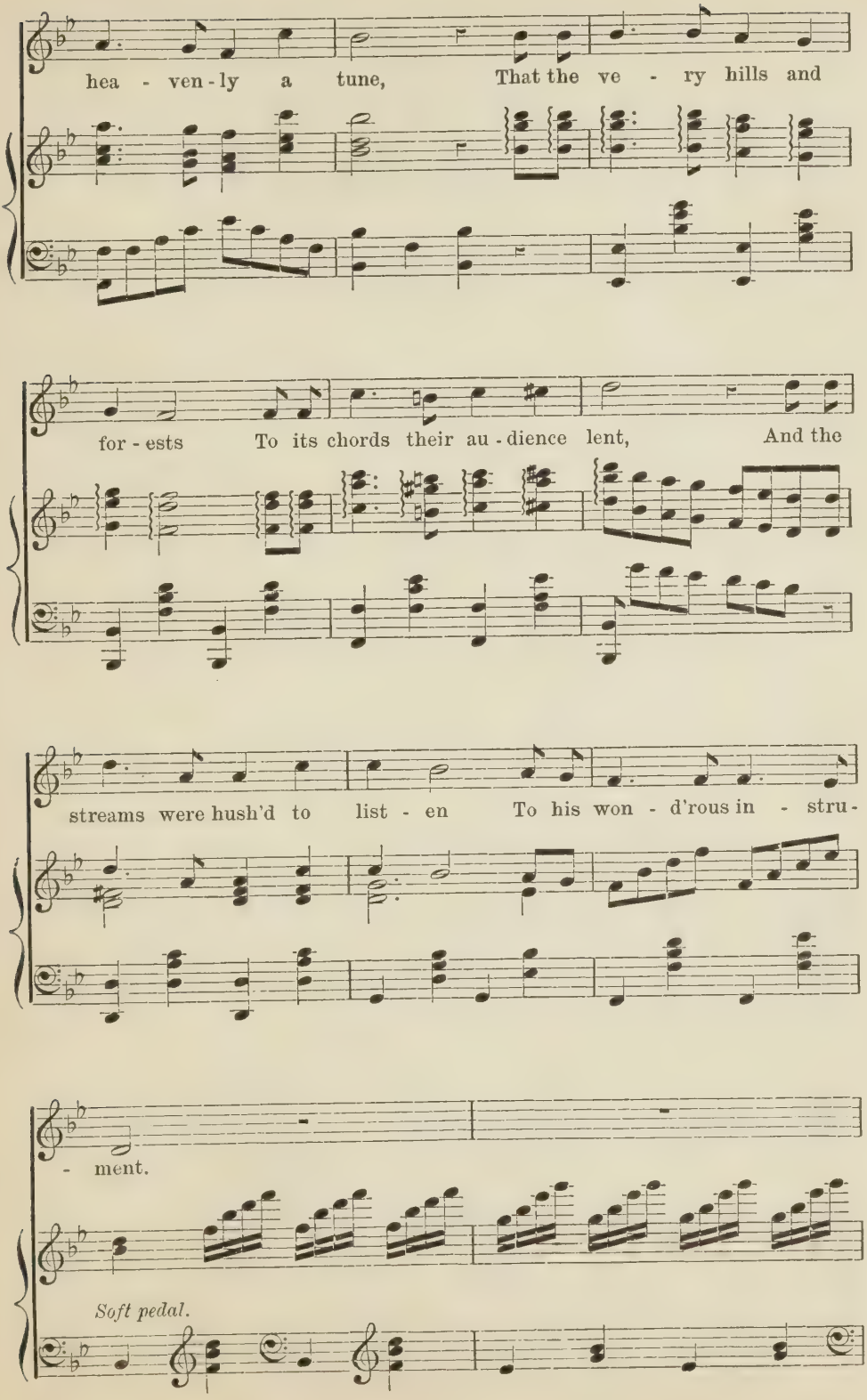
3 Sich mit Tugenden zu schmücken, achtet er der Sorgen wert.
Nicht, um Völker zu erdrücken, flammt in seiner Hand das Schwert,
Sie zu segnen, zu beglücken, ist der Preis, den er begehrt.
Gott erhalte, &c.

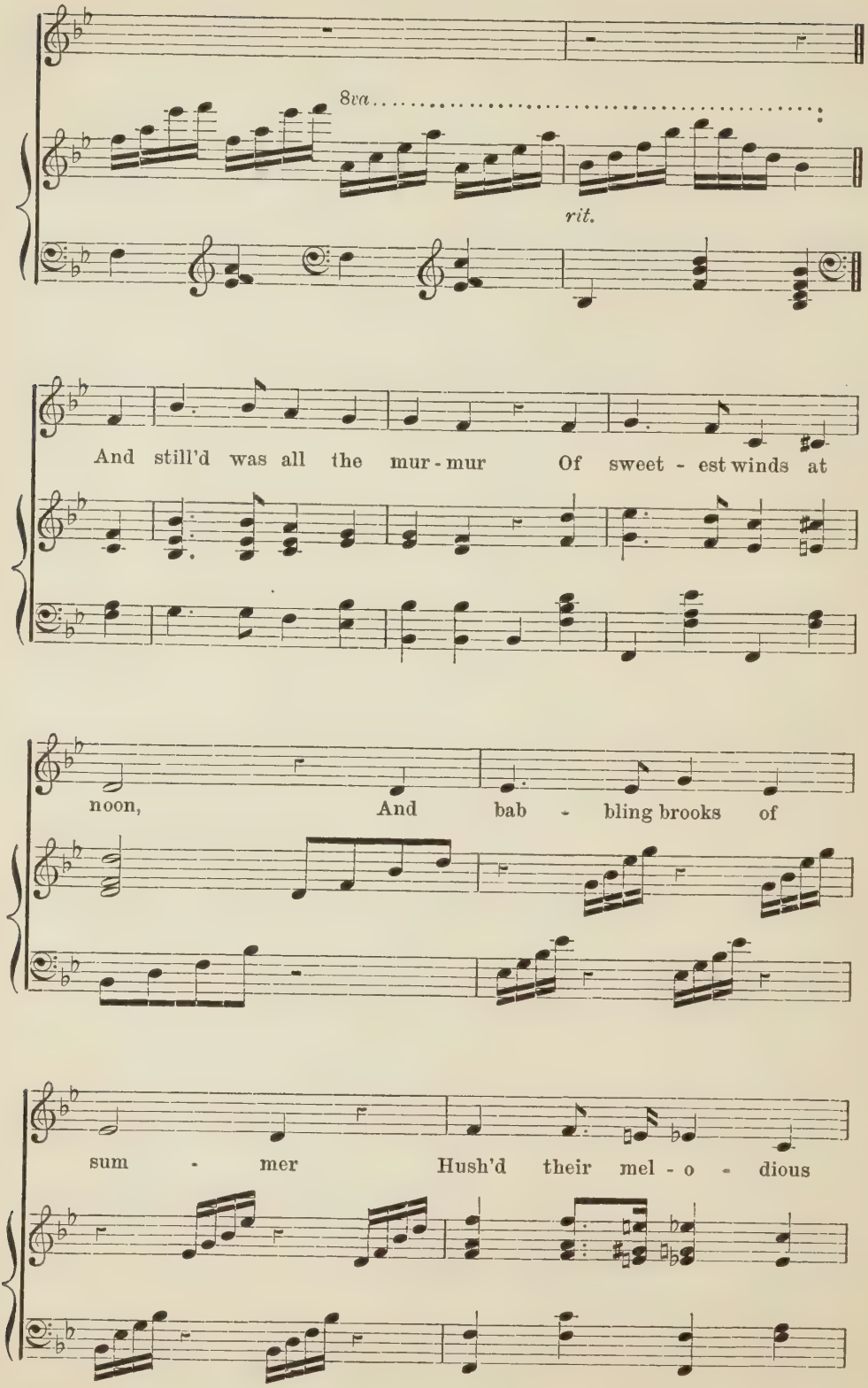
4 Er zerbrach der Knechtschaft Bande, hob zur Freiheit uns empor:
Früh erleb' er deutscher Lande, deutscher Völker höchsten Flor,
Und vernehme noch am Rande später Gruft der Enkel Chor:
Gott erhalte, &c.

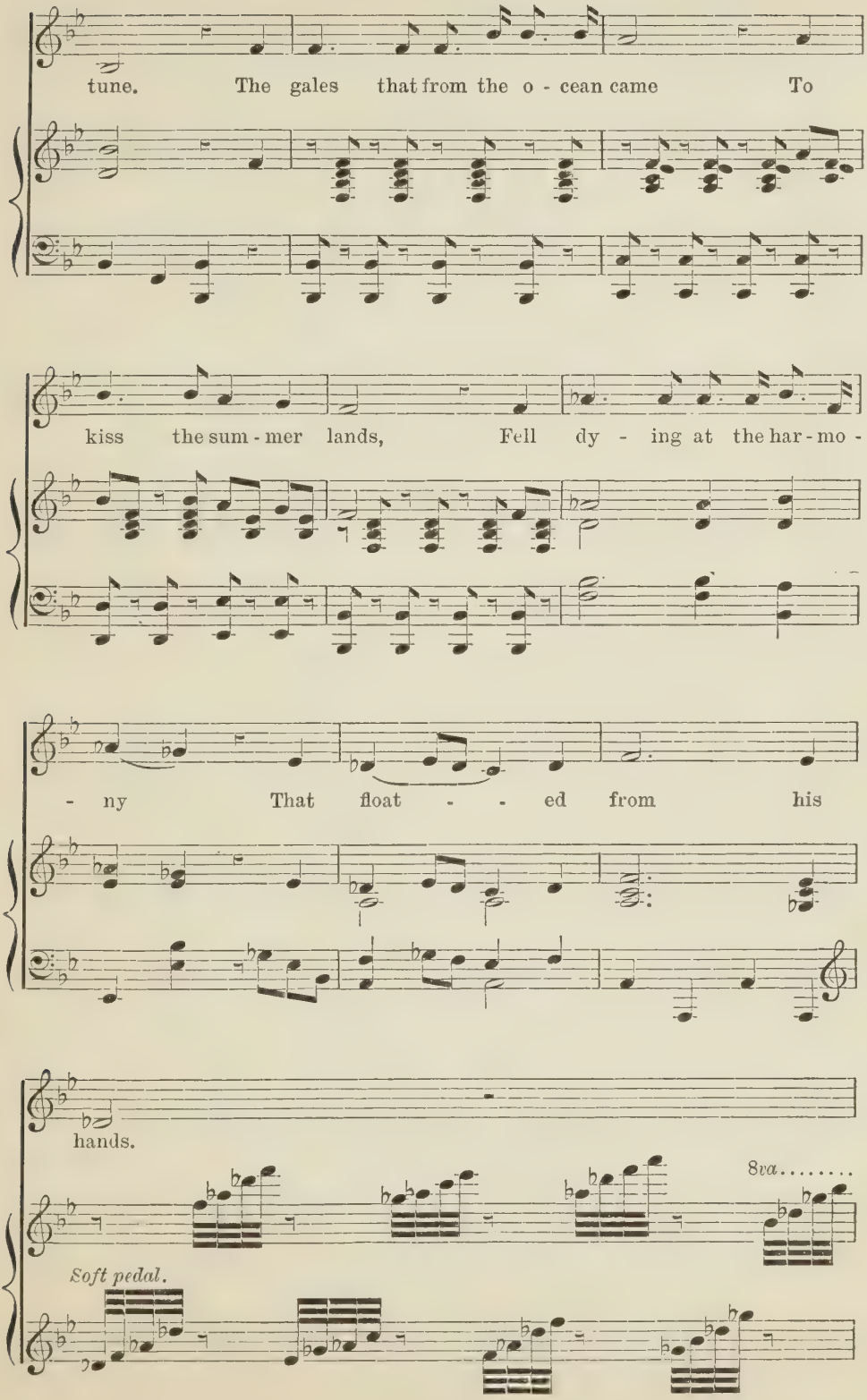
THE LYRE OF ORPHEUS

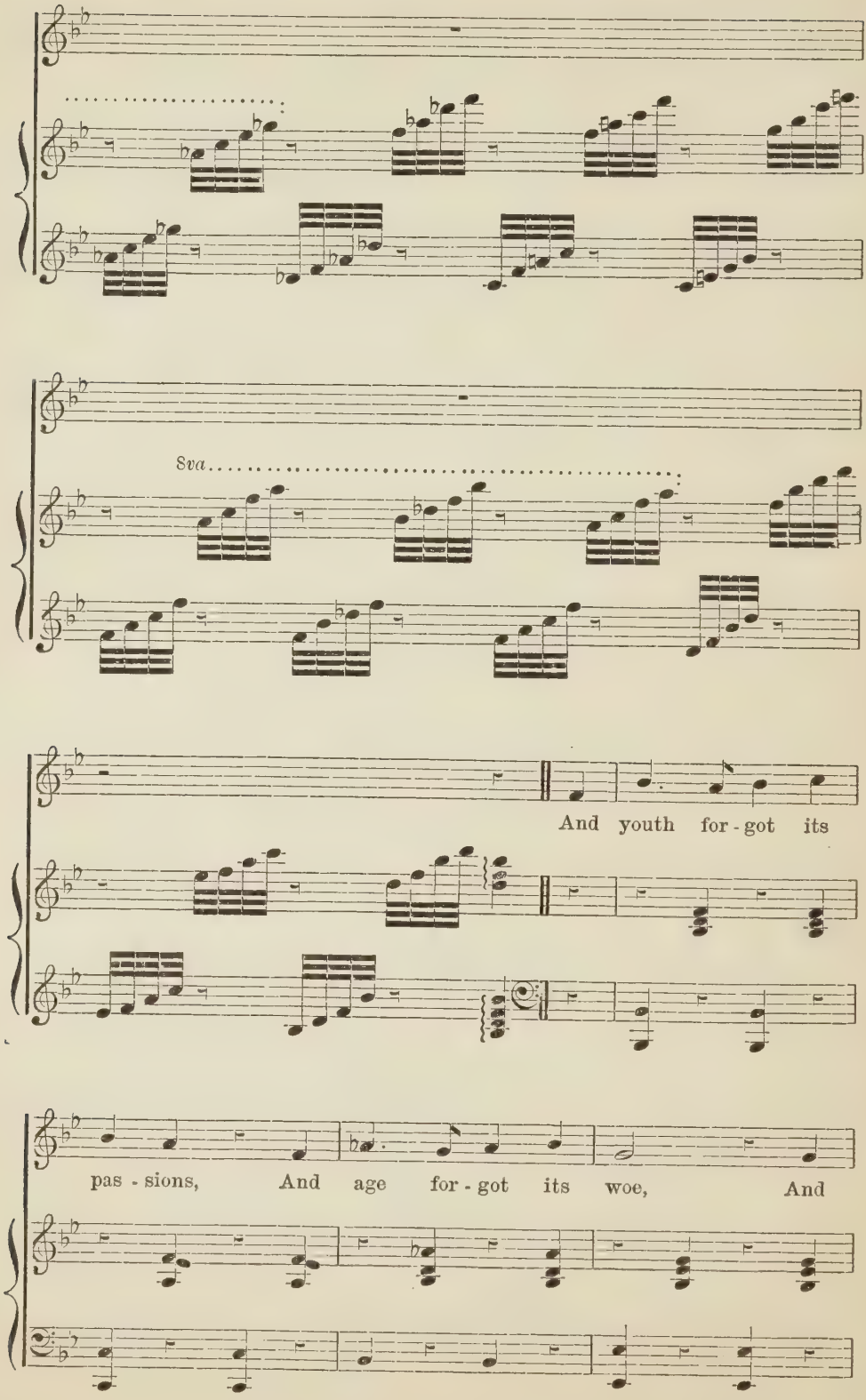
Words by WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL. Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1900.

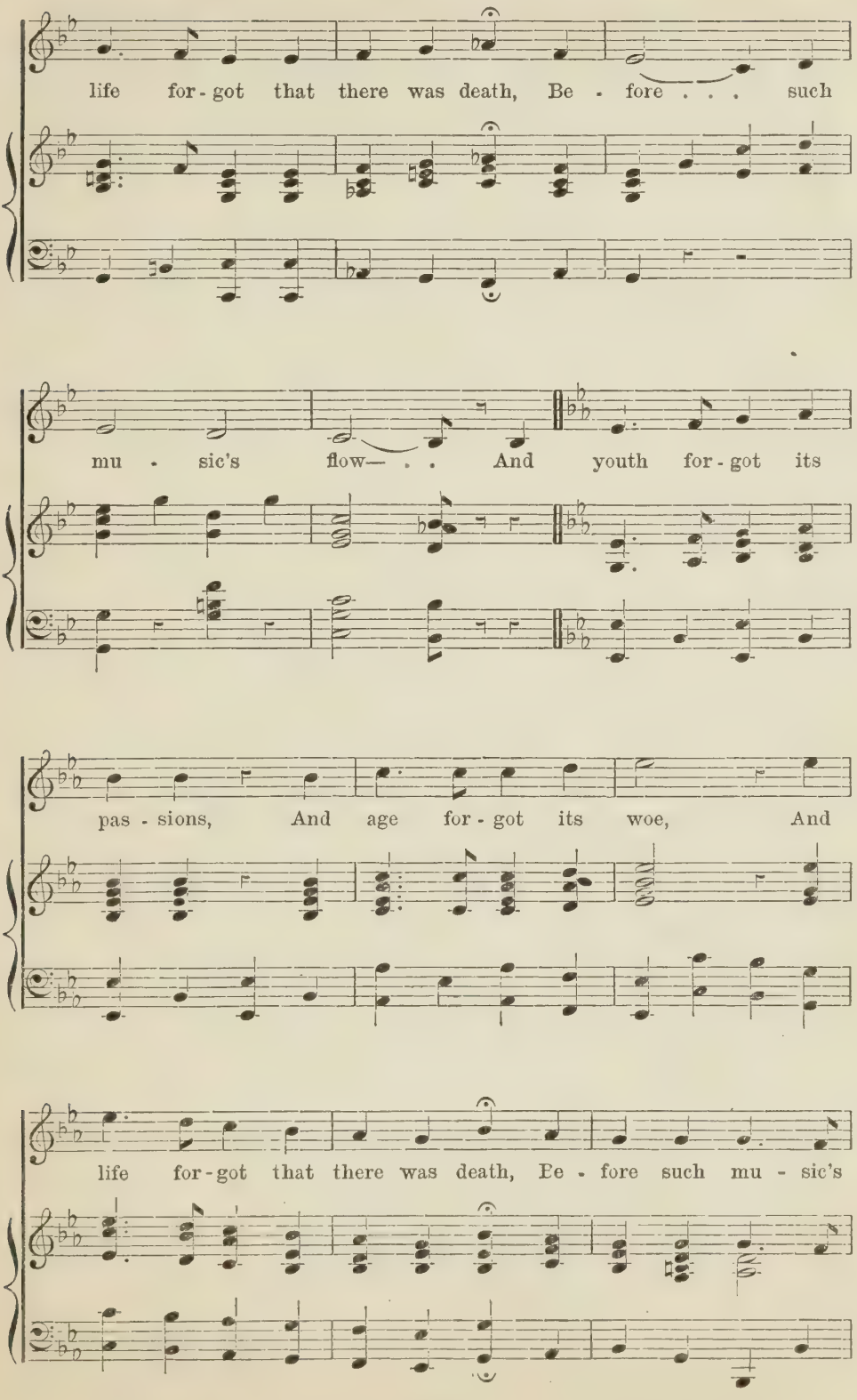


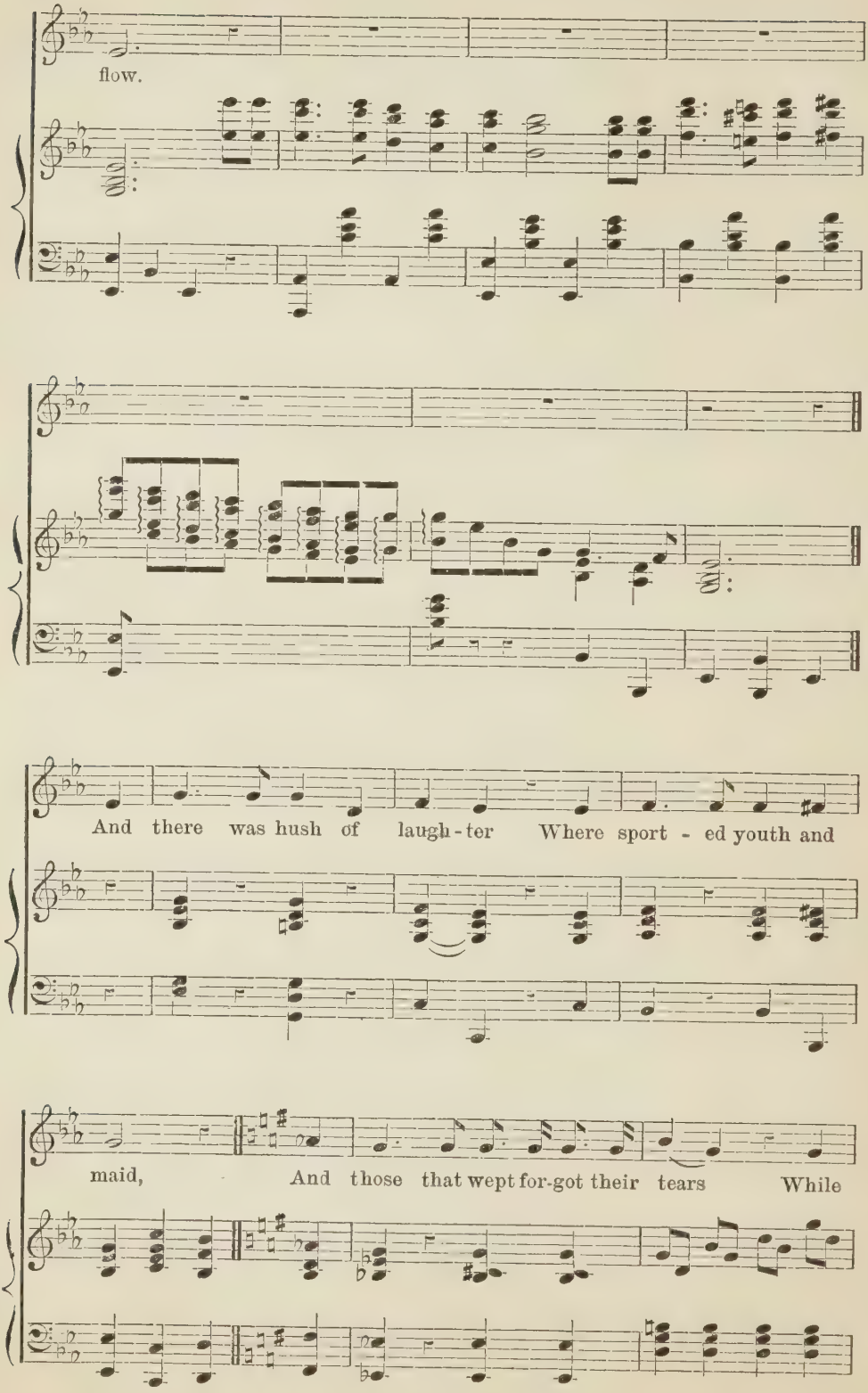

hea - ven-ly a tune, That the ve - ry hills and
for - ests To its chords their au - dience lent, And the
streams were hush'd to list - en To his won - d'rous in - stru-
- ment.
Soft pedal.

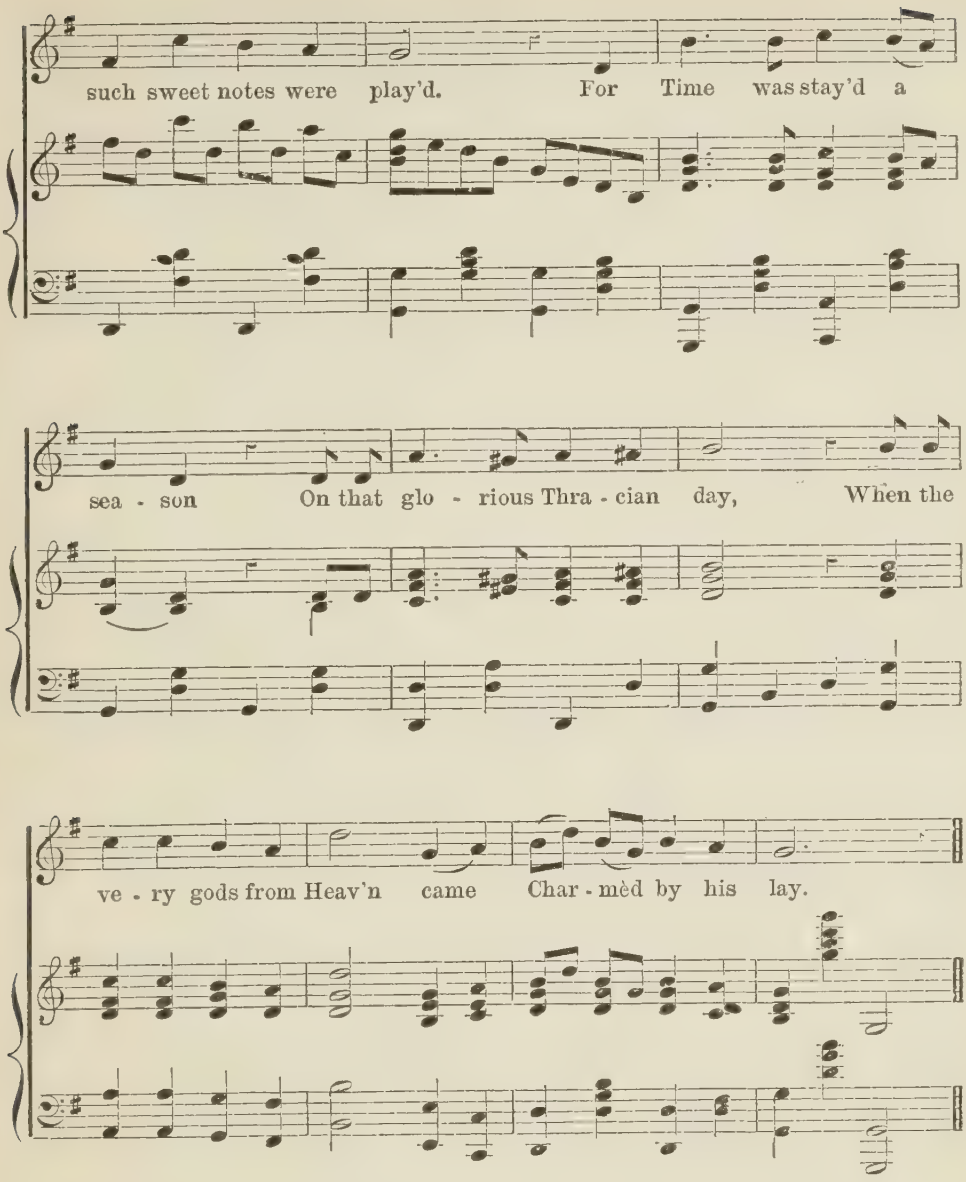

8va
rit.
And still'd was all the mur - mur Of sweet - est winds at
noon, And bab - bling brooks of
sum - mer Hush'd their mel - o - dious


tune. The gales that from the o - cean came To
kiss the sum - mer lands, Fell dy - ing at the har - mo -
- ny That float - - ed from his
hands.
8va.....
Soft pedal.

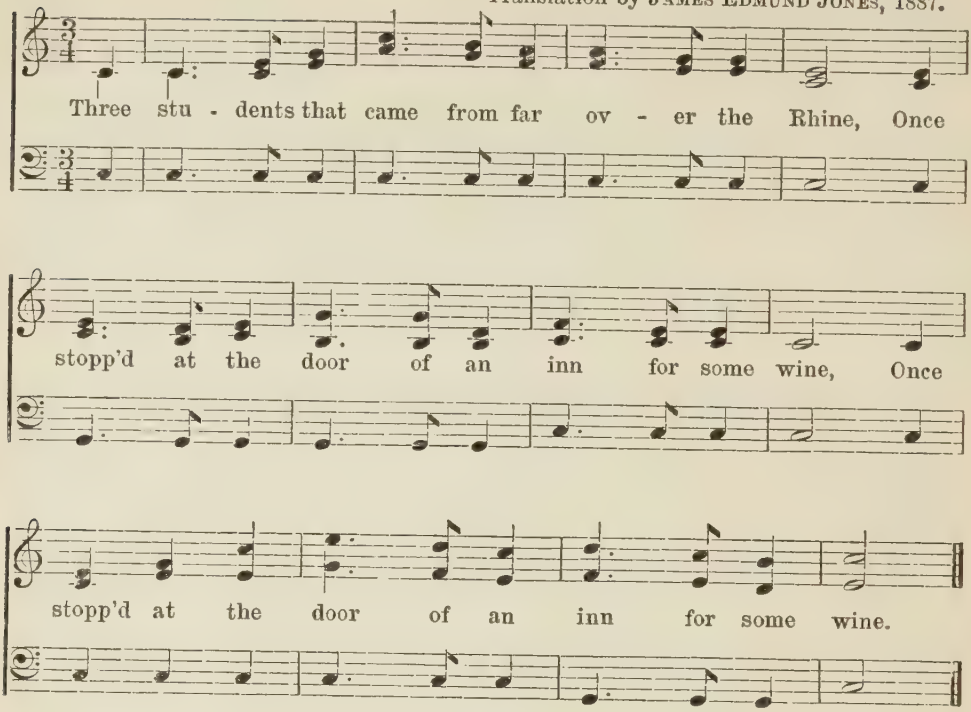

8va
And youth for - got its
pas - sions, And age for - got its woe, And


life for-got that there was death, Be-fore . . . such
mu-sic's flow— . . And youth for-got its
pas-sions, And age for-got its woe, And
life for-got that there was death, Be-fore such mu-sic's


flow.
And there was hush of laugh-ter Where sport - ed youth and
maid, And those that wept for-got their tears While


such sweet notes were play'd. For Time was stay'd a
sea - son On that glo - rious Thra - cian day, When the
ve - ry gods from Heav'n came Char - mèd by his lay.

Translation by JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1887.



1. Three students that came from far over the Rhine,
Once stopp'd at the door of an inn for some wine,
Once stopp'd at the door of an inn for some wine.

2. 'Kind landlady, have you good wine, I pray?
And where is your charming young daughter to-day?'

3. 'My beer and my wine are refreshing and clear.
In her heavenly home is my daughter so dear.'

4. And when they stepped into the chamber of death,
They gazed on the maiden and each held his breath.

5. The veil from her face the first drew aside,
And looked at her sadly, and mournfully cried:

6. 'Ah! didst thou but live, O maiden so pure,
From this very moment I'd love thee, I'm sure.'

7. The veil o'er her face the second one drew,
And wept as he turned from the sorrowful view.

8. 'Alas, that thou thus liest dead on thy bier!
For thee I have loved since many a year.'

9. The third moved again the veil from its place,
And bent o'er the form, and kissed the pale face.

10. 'Thee always I loved, thee love I to-day,
And thee shall I love for ever and aye.'

1. *Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein,*
Bei einer Frau Wirtin da kehrten sie ein.

2. *'Frau Wirtin, hat Sie gut Bier und Wein?*
Wo hat Sie ihr schönes Töchterlein?'

3. *'Mein Bier und Wein ist frisch und klar,*
Mein Töchterlein liegt auf der Totenbahr'.'

4. *Und als sie traten zur Kammer hinein,*
Da lag sie in einem schwarzen Schrein.

5. *Der erste, der schlug den Schleier zurück*
Und schaute sie an mit traurigem Blick:

6. *'Ach, lebtest du noch, du schöne Maid!*
Ich würde dich lieben von dieser Zeit.'

7. *Der zweite deckte den Schleier zu*
Und kehrte sich ab und weinte dazu:

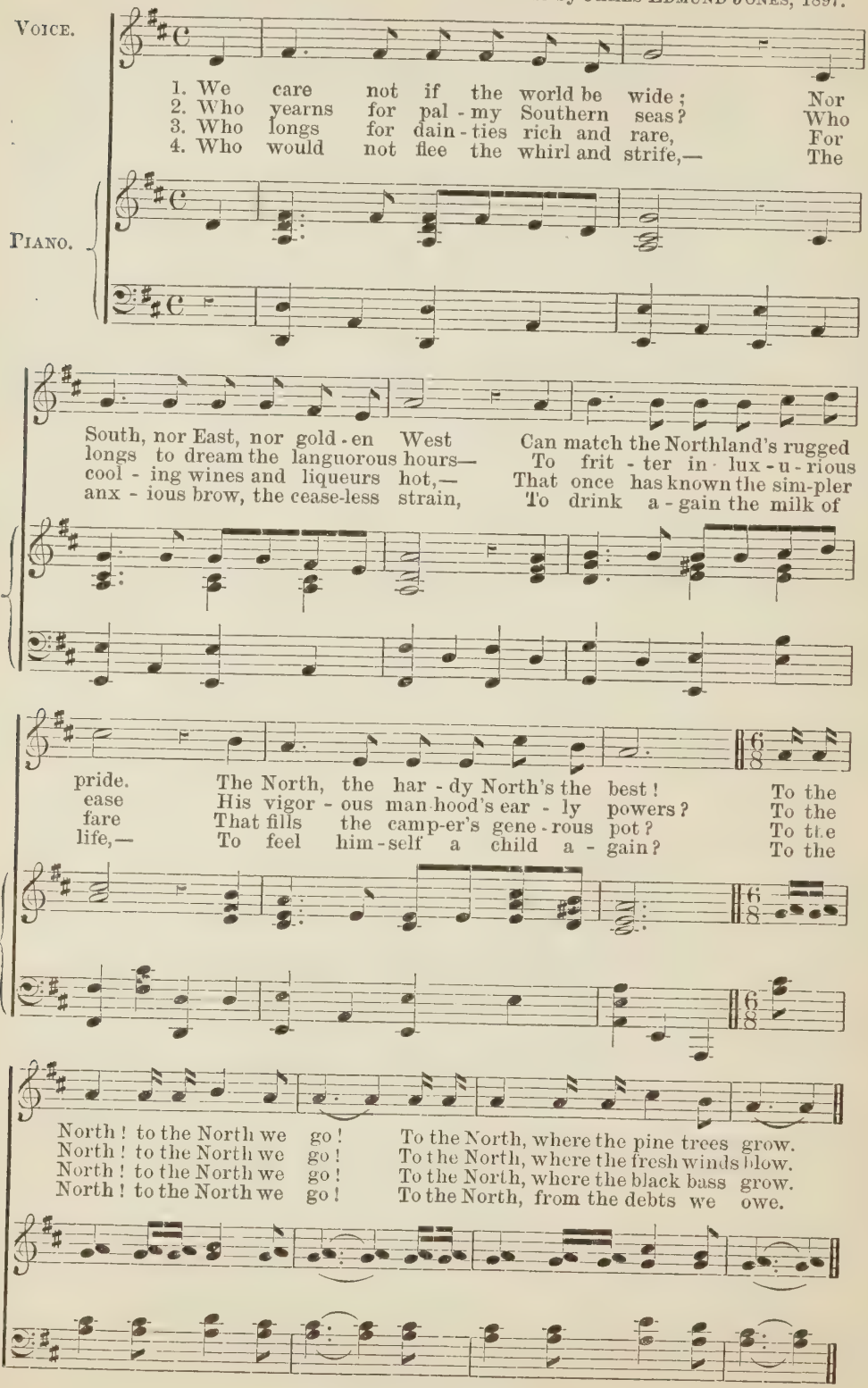
8. *'Ach, dass du liegst auf der Totenbahr'!*
Ich hab' dich geliebet so manches Jahr.'

9. *Der dritte hub ihn wieder sogleich*
Und küsste sie an den Mund so bleich:

10. *'Dich liebt' ich immer, dich lieb' ich noch heut*
Und werde dich lieben in Ewigkeit.'

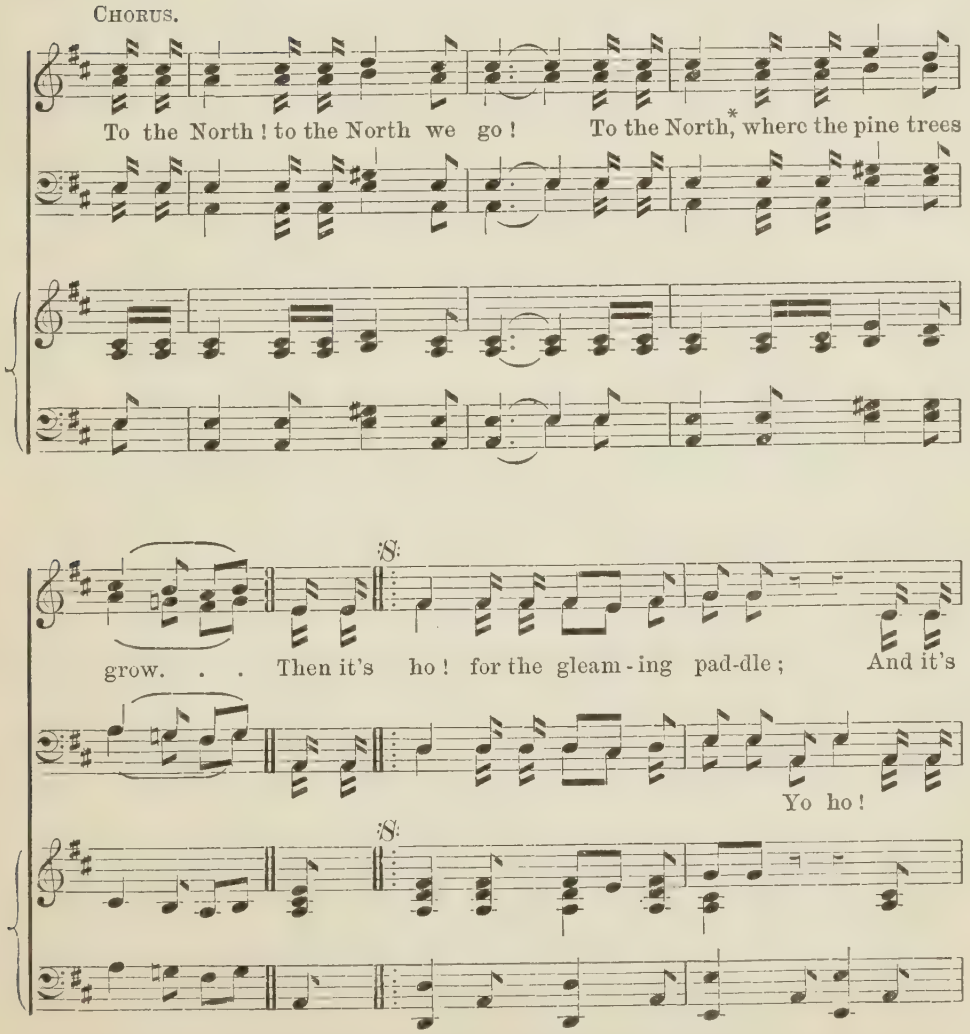
TO THE NORTH!

Words by JOHN D. SPENCE, 1897. Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1897.

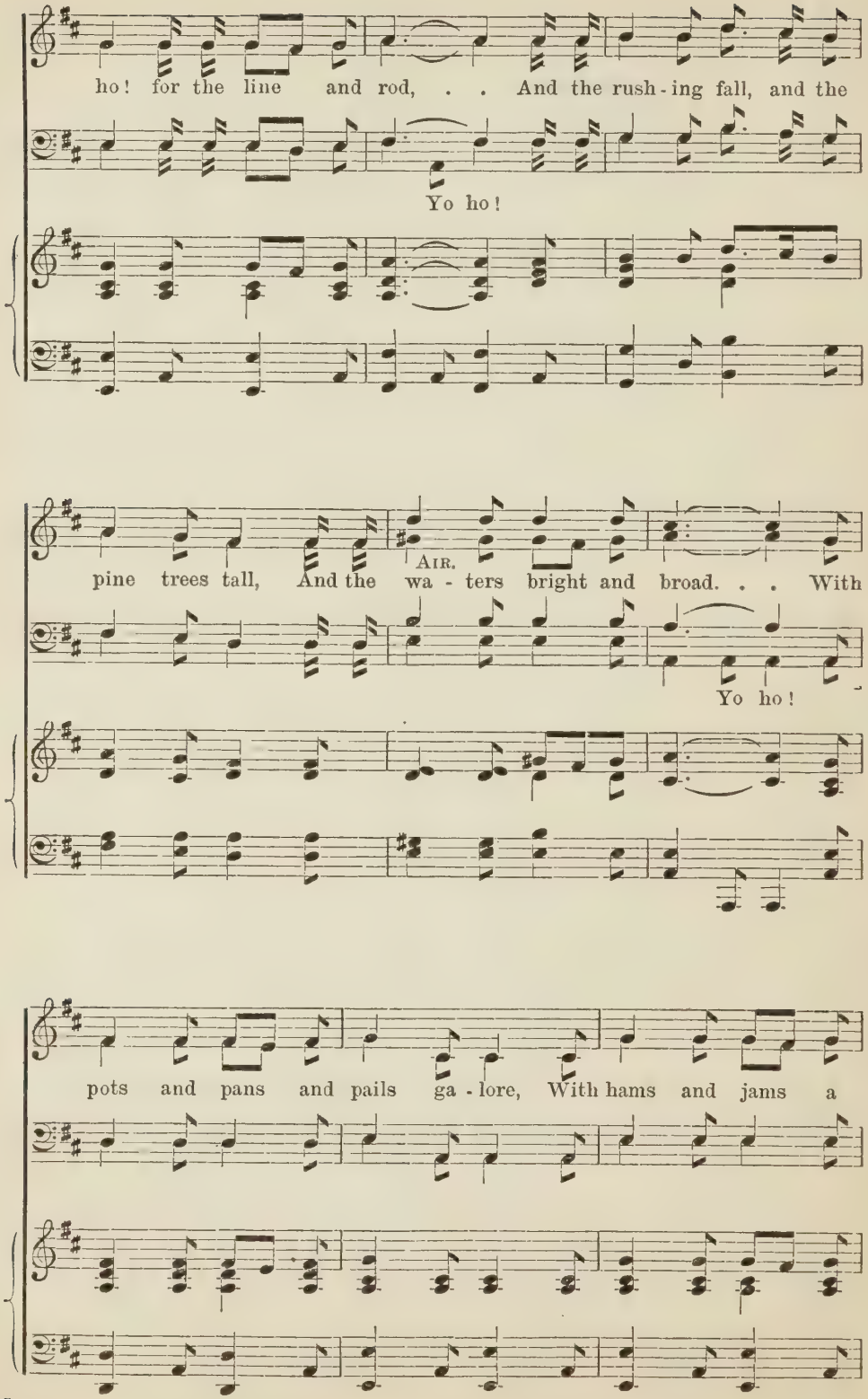


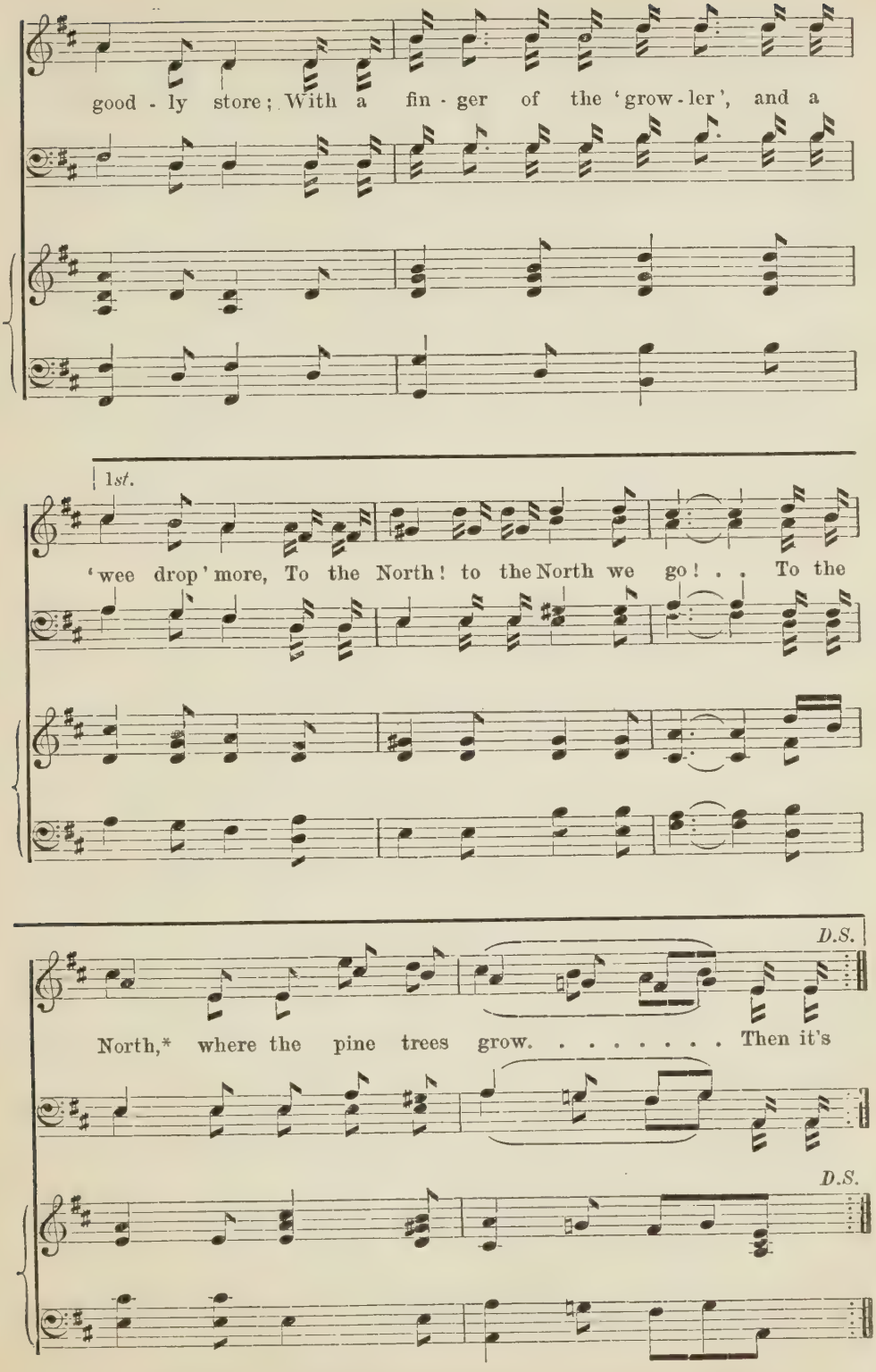
5. Let others sail the sluggish streams
That murmur through the quiet night.
Give us the glorious sun, that gleams
On curving green and foaming white!
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, where the torrents flow.

6. So, till with age our spirits flag,
And hearts beat fainter, year by year,
The North shall fling from crag to crag
The echo of our boisterous cheer.
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, to the North, Yo ho!

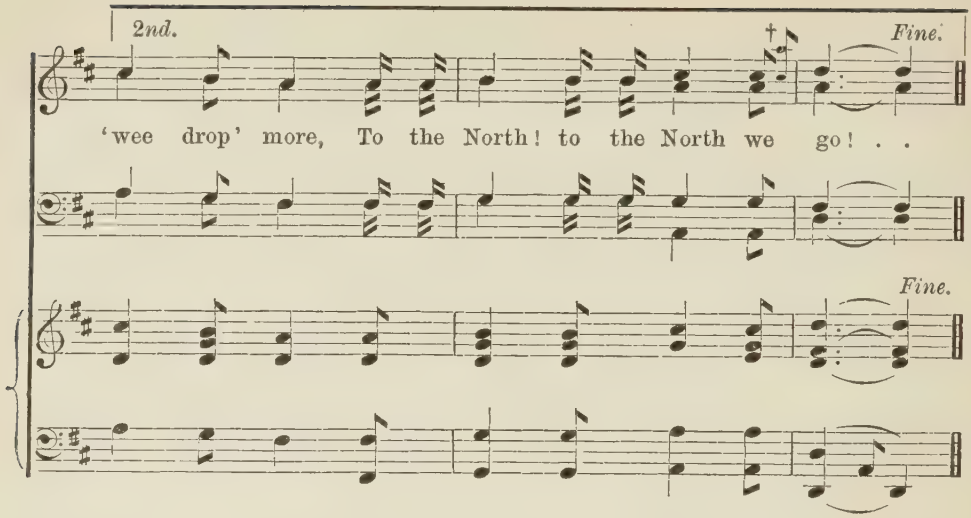


* *Note.*—Vary these words after each verse as indicated above.


ho! for the line and rod, . . And the rush-ing fall, and the
Yo ho!
pine trees tall, And the wa-ters bright and broad. . . With
AIR.
Yo ho!
pots and pans and pails ga-lore, With hams and jams a



* *Note.*—Vary these words after each verse as indicated on pp. 40 and 41.

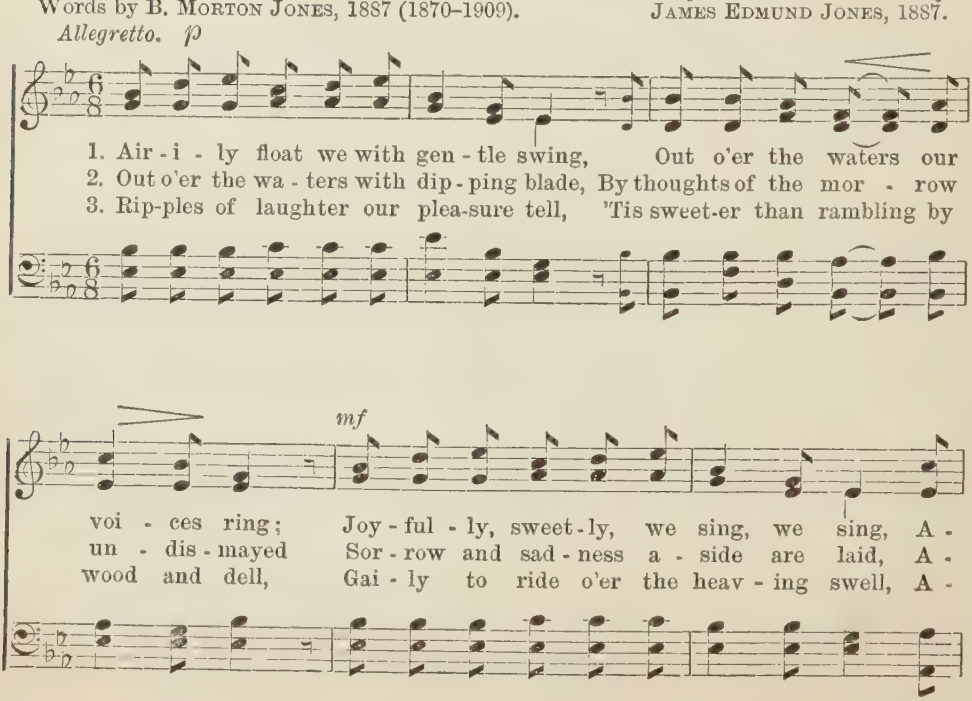


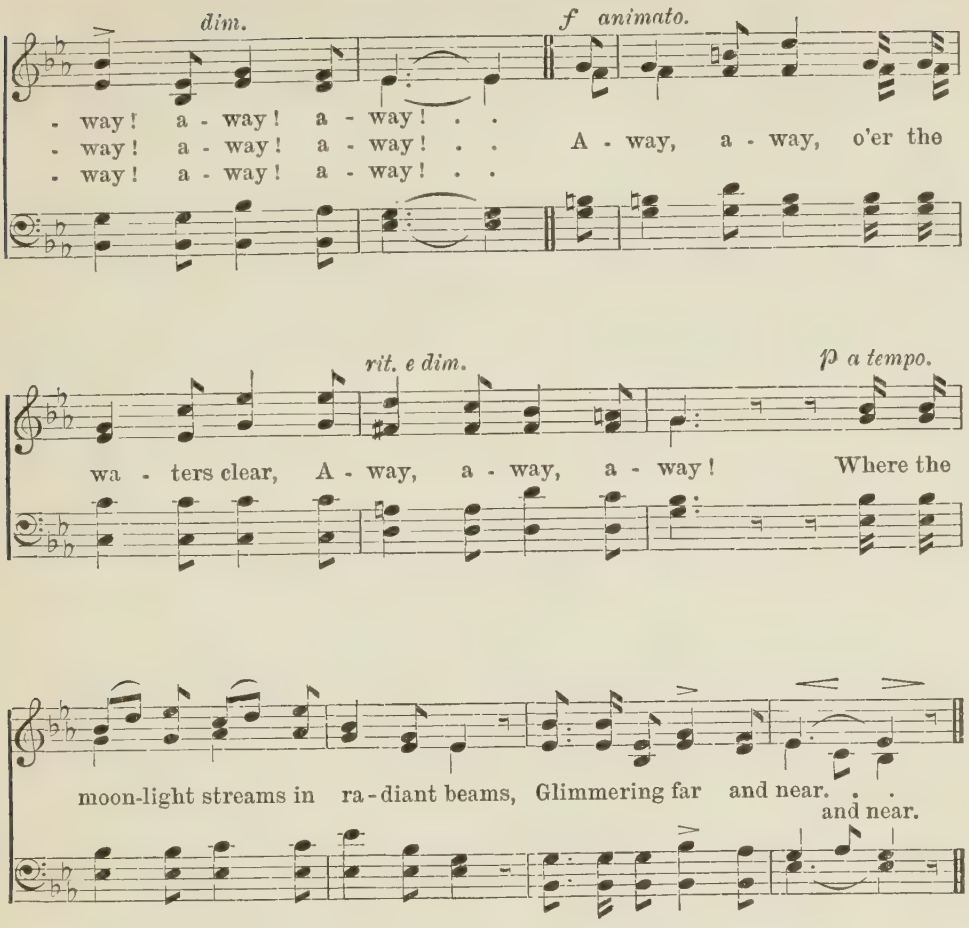
† Last verse only.

AWAY, AWAY, AWAY!

Words by B. Morton Jones, 1887 (1870–1909).

Adapted from De Beriot by James Edmund Jones, 1887.




dim.
f animato.
- way! a - way! a - way! . .
- way! a - way! a - way! . .
- way! a - way! a - way! . .
A - way, a - way, o'er the
rit. e dim.
p a tempo.
wa - ters clear, A - way, a - way, a - way! Where the
moon-light streams in ra-diant beams, Glimmering far and near. . .
and near.

THE MAID FROM ALGOMA

Adapted by JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1887.

SOLO. *Con animo. mf* CHORUS. *ff*

VOICE.

1. 'Where are you go-ing, my pret-ty maid?' Heave a - way, heigh-

PIANO.

ff

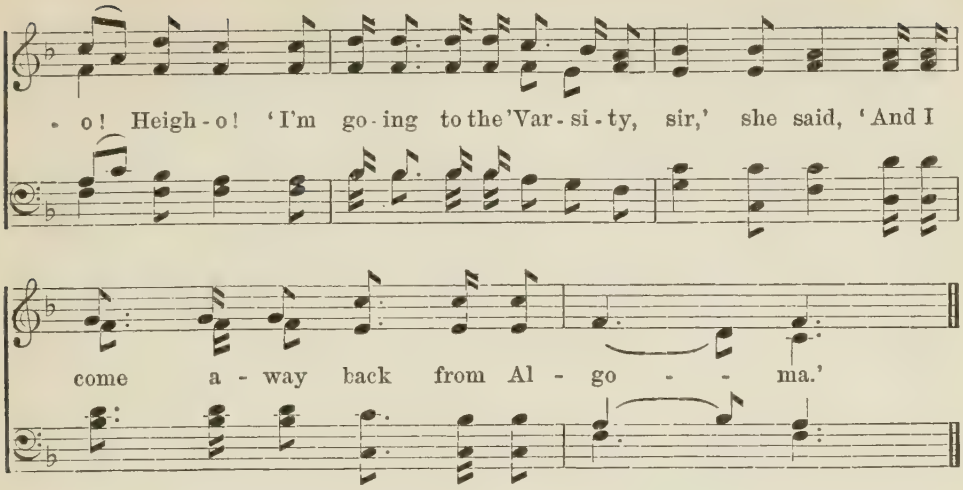
SOLO.

- o, heigh-o! 'I'm go-ing to the 'Var - si - ty, sir,' she said, 'And I

come a - way back from Al - go - - - ma.'

CHORUS. *ff*

Heave a - way! Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Heave a - way! Heigh-



First Version.

1. 'Where are you going, my pretty maid?'
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
'I'm going to the 'Varsity, sir,' she said,
'And I come away back from Algoma.'—*Cho.*

2. 'What to do there, my pretty maid?'
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
'I'm going to be cultured, sir,' she said,
'For I come away back from Algoma.'—*Cho.*

3. 'What are your studies, my pretty maid?'
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
'Chinese and Quaternions, sir,' she said,
'And I come away back from Algoma.'—*Cho.*

4. 'Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?'
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
'Cultured girls don't marry, sir,' she said,
'And I go away back to Algoma.'—*Cho.*

Second Version.

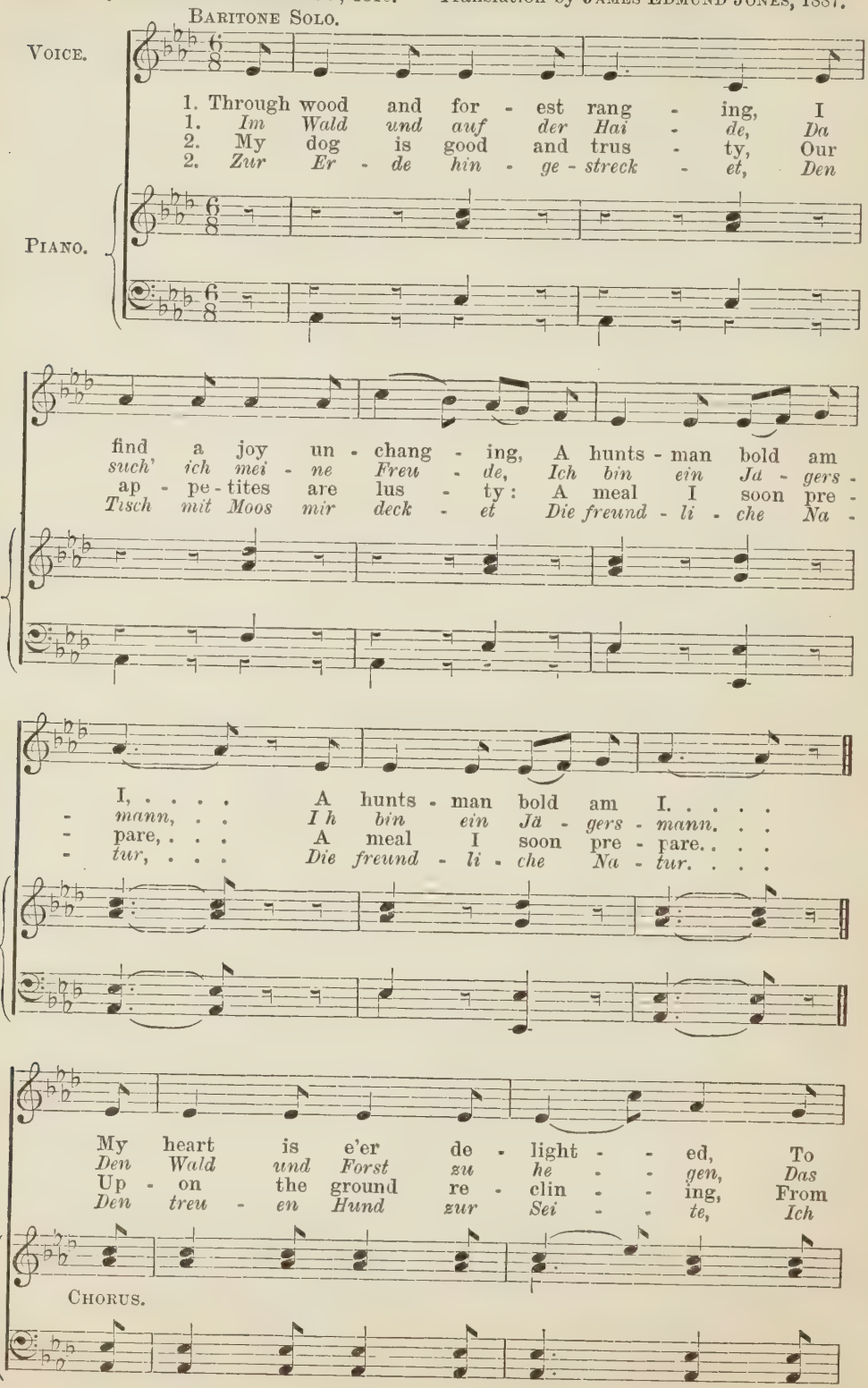
1. 'Where are you going, my pretty maid?'
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
'I'm going to a lecture, sir,' she said,
'And I come away back from Algoma.'—*Cho.*

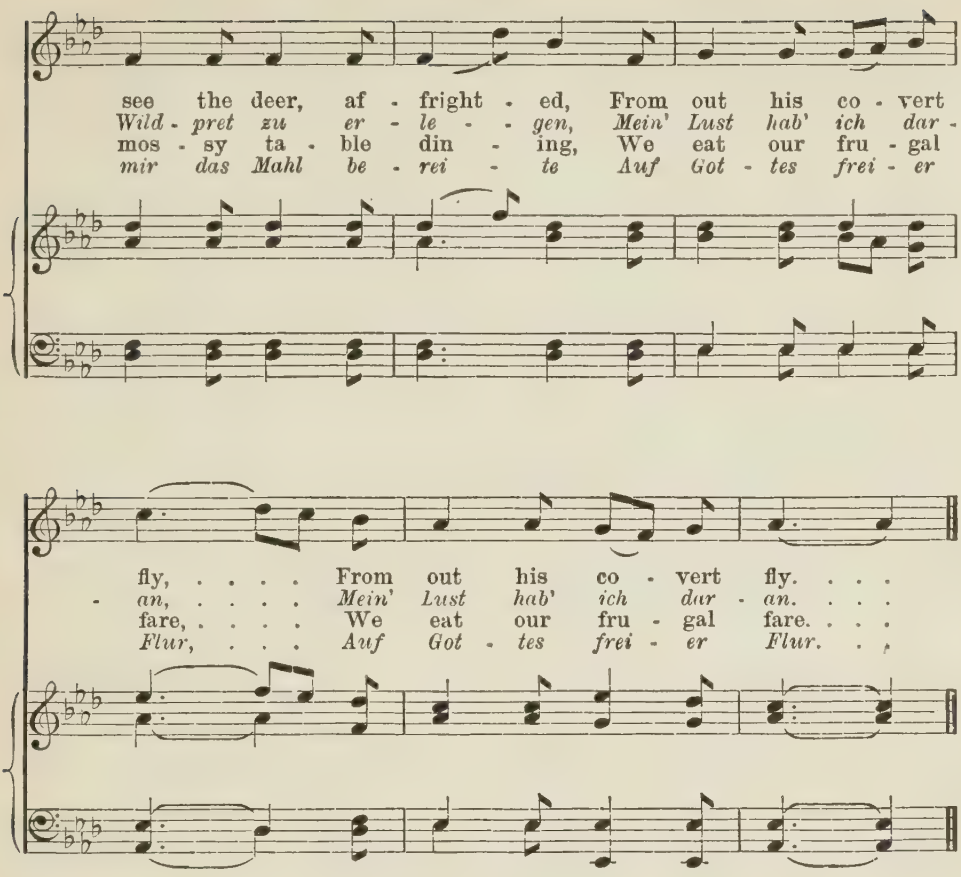
2. 'May I go with you, my pretty maid?'
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
'You wouldn't understand it, sir,' she said,
'For I come away back from Algoma.'—*Cho.*

3. 'What is the subject, my pretty maid?'
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
'Total extinction of man,' she said,
'For I go away back to Algoma.'—*Cho.*

4. 'Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?'
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
'— — will marry me, sir,' she said,
'And we'll go away back to Algoma.'—*Cho.*

Words by WILHELM BORNEMANN, 1816. Translation by JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1887.





3. I, though without a nickel,
My dainty palate tickle
With wine and good black bread.
My fragrant pipe burns brightly,
As, stepping forward lightly,
The flow'ry heath I tread.

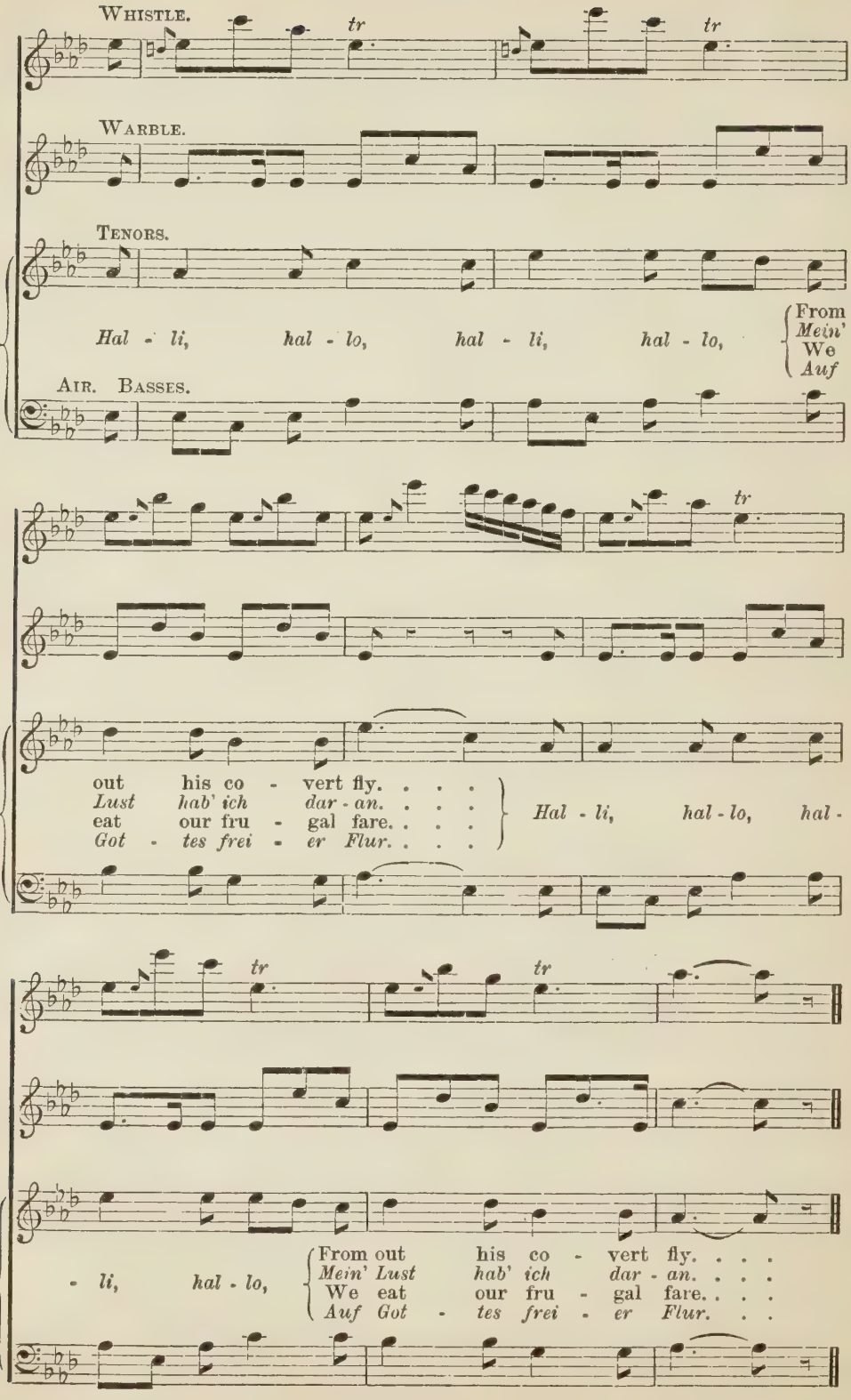
4. Thus, in the fields abiding,
Or through the forest striding,
I pass the livelong day,
And while my hours are fleeting
Like seconds swift retreating,
I through the green-wood stray.

5. And now the sun is sinking, [ing;
Now stars through mists are blink-
Thus one more day slips by;
So home again returning,
Where cheerful hearth is burning,
A jolly huntsman I.

3. *Kein Heller in der Tasche,*
Ein Schlücklein in der Flasche,
Ein Stückchen schwarzes Brod;
Brennt lustig meine Pfeife,
Wenn ich den Forst durchstreife,
Da hat es keine Noth.

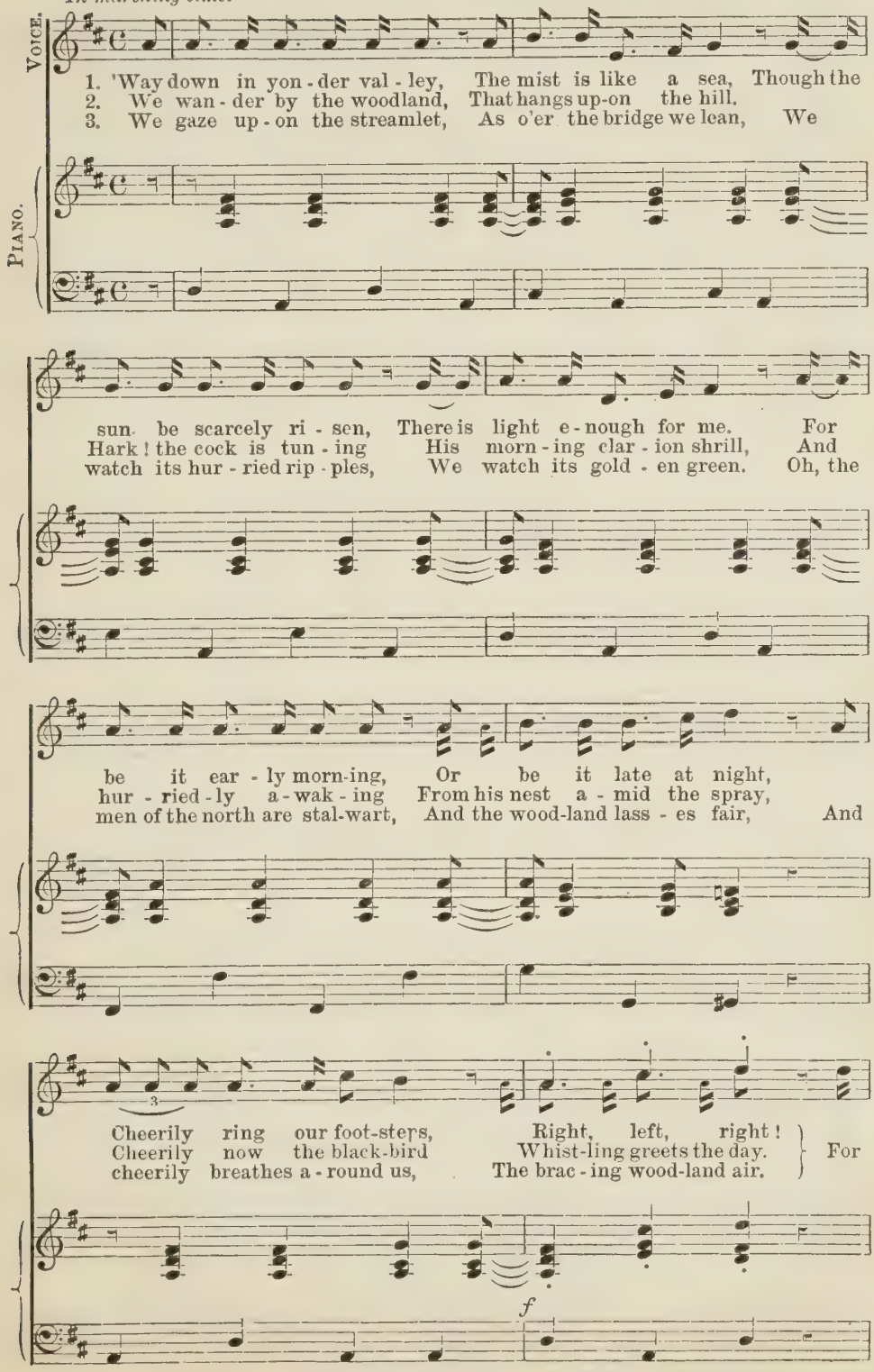
4. *So zieh' ich durch die Wälder,*
So eil' ich durch die Felder,
Wohl hin den ganzen Tag;
Dann fliehen meine Stunden
Gleich flüchtigen Sekunden,
Tracht' ich dem Wilde nach.

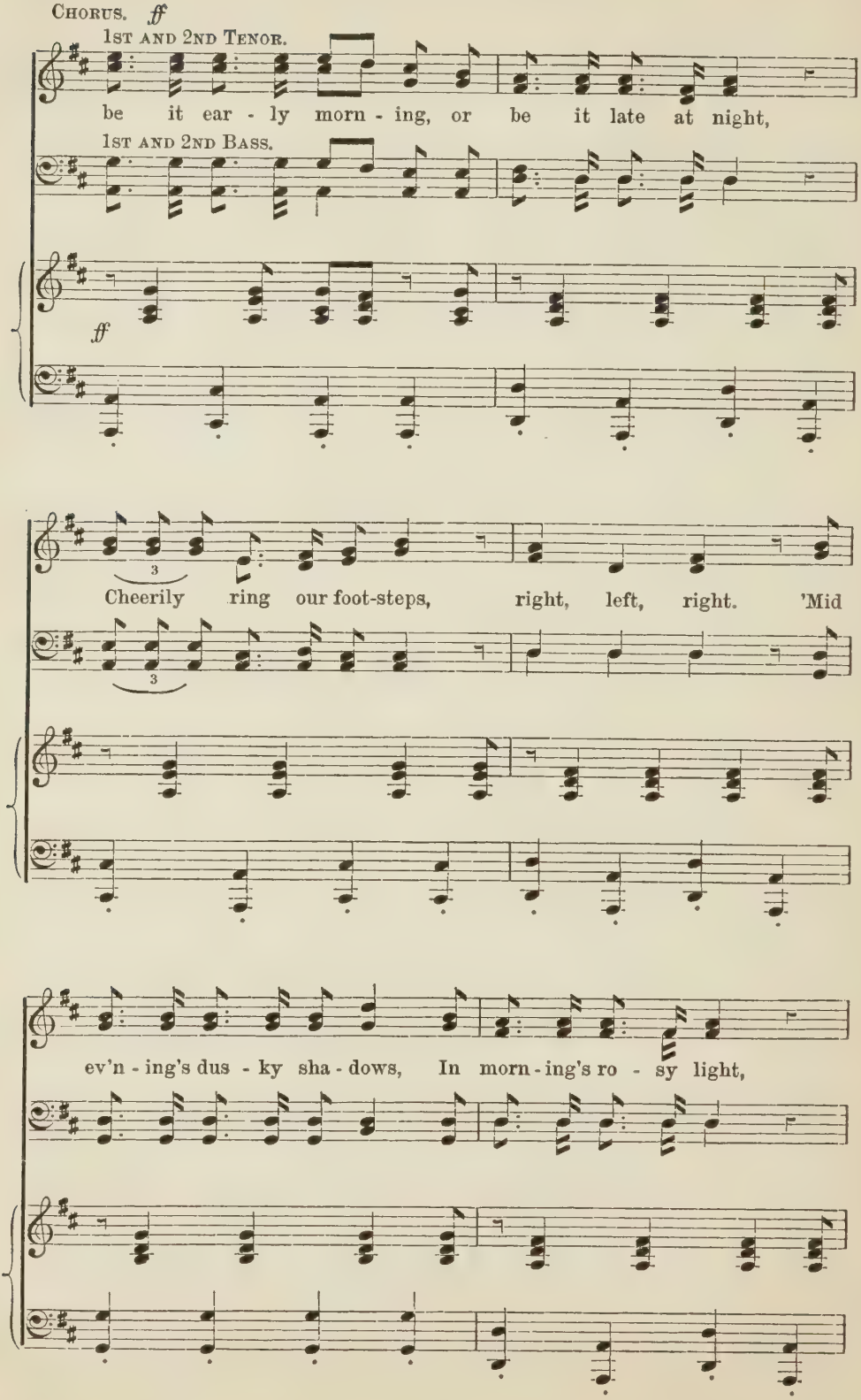
5. *Wenn sich die Sonne neiget,*
Der feuchte Nebel steiget,
Mein Tagwerk ist gethan.
Dann zieh' ich von der Haide
Zur häuslichstillen Freude,
Ein froher Jägersmann.

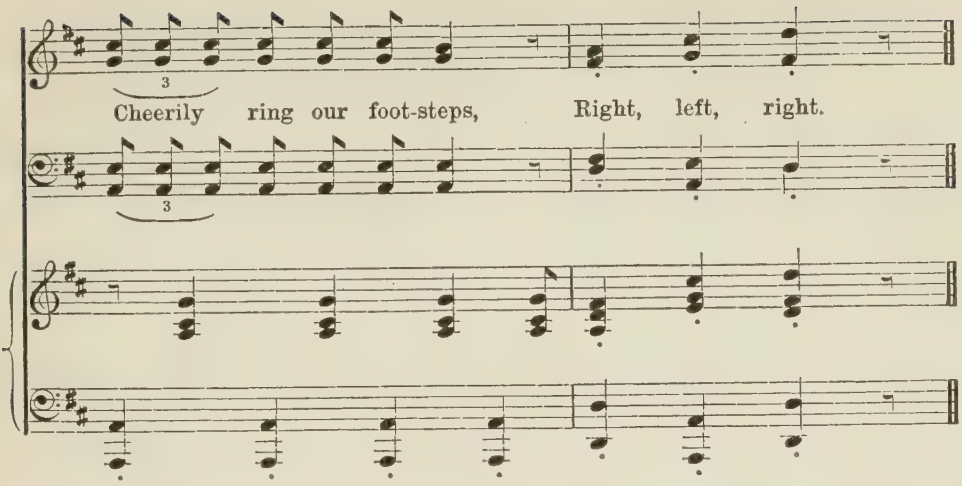

Whistle.
tr
tr
Warble.
Tenors.
Hal - li, hal - lo, hal - li, hal - lo,
From
Mein'
We
Auf
Air. Basses.
tr
out his co - vert fly. . . .
Lust hab' ich dar - an. . . .
eat our fru - gal fare. . . .
Got - tes frei - er Flur. . . .
Hal - li, hal - lo, hal -
tr
tr
- li, hal - lo,
From out his co - vert fly. . . .
Mein' Lust hab' ich dar - an. . . .
We eat our fru - gal fare. . . .
Auf Got - tes frei - er Flur. . .

Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1887.

In marching time.

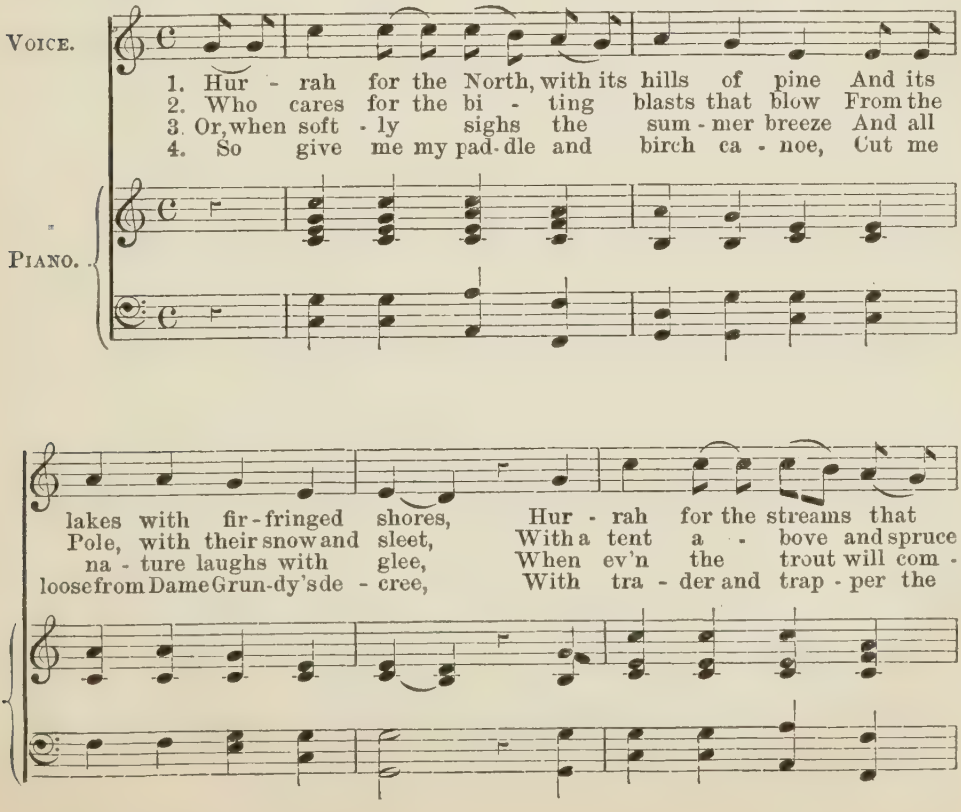


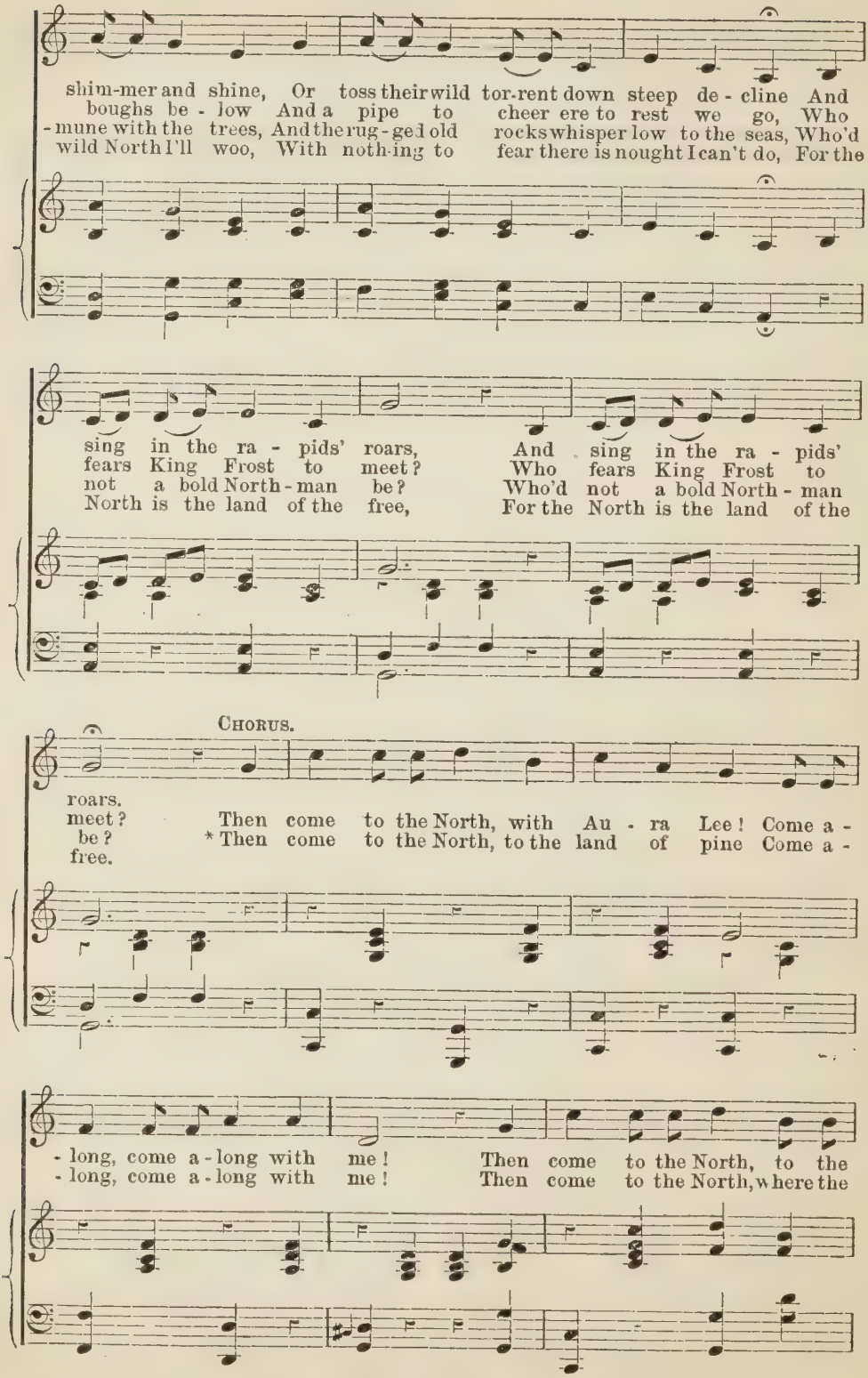

Chorus. ff
1st and 2nd Tenor.
be it ear - ly morn - ing, or be it late at night,
1st and 2nd Bass.
ff
3
Cheerily ring our foot-steps, right, left, right. 'Mid
3
ev'n - ing's dus - ky sha - dows, In morn - ing's ro - sy light,



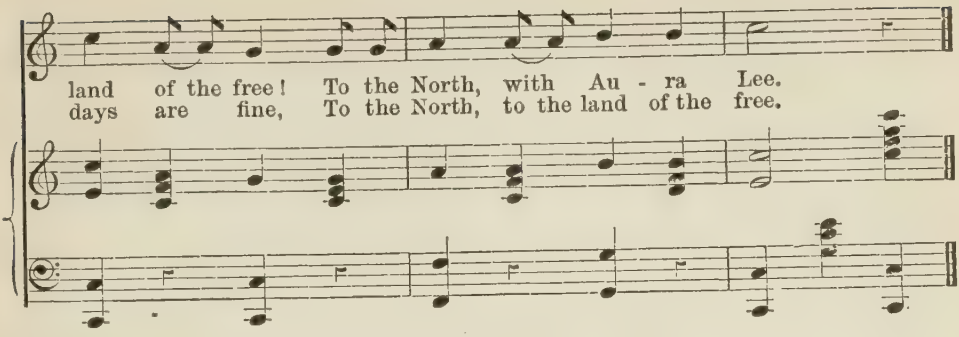
TO THE NORTH WITH AURA LEE

Words by M. O. Klotz. Music by James Edmund Jones, 1904.



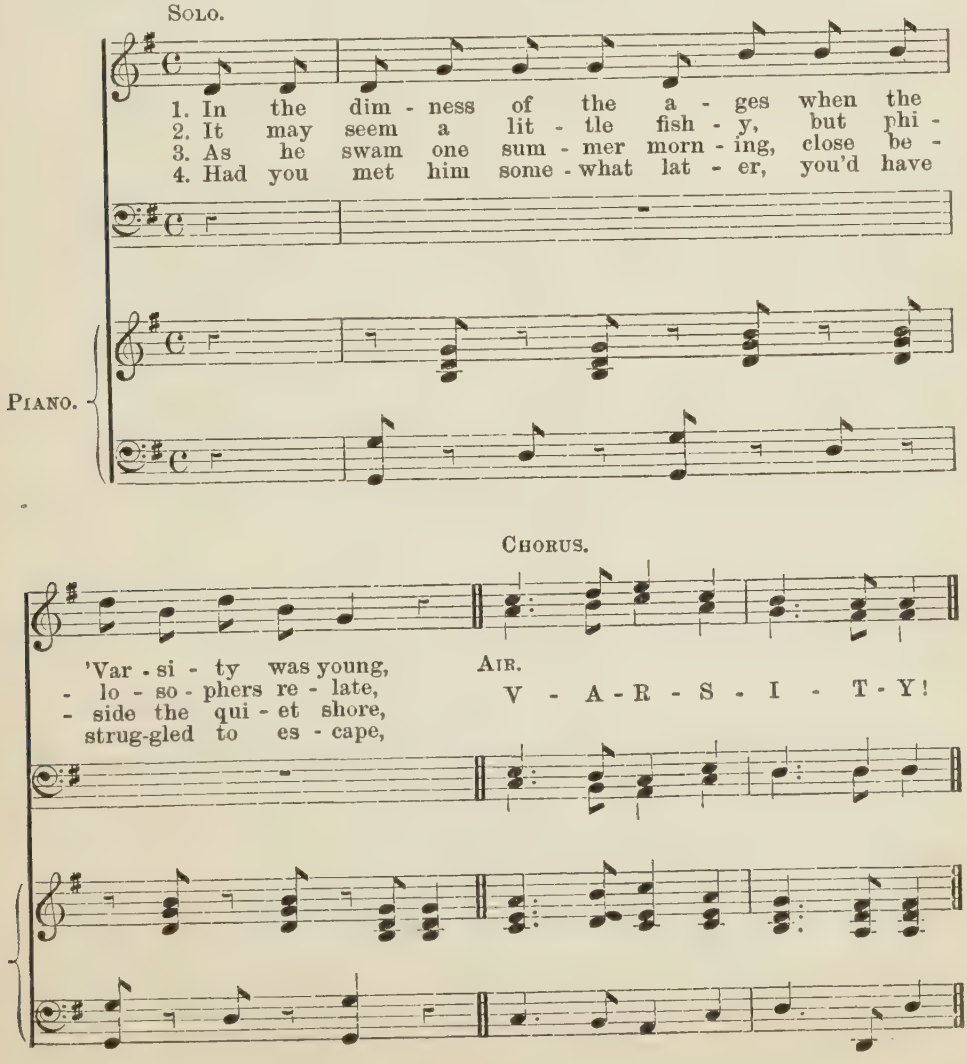


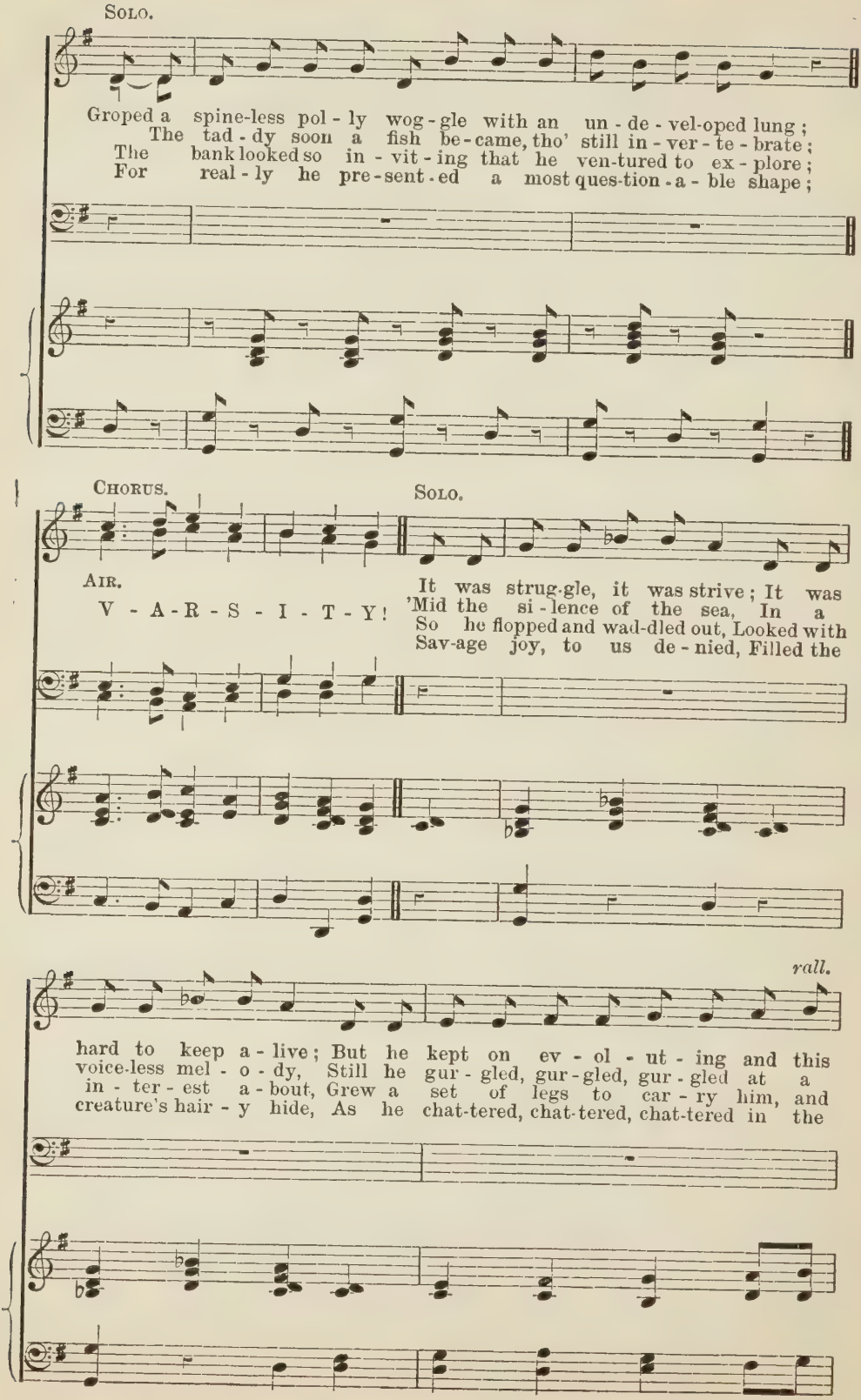
* This Chorus is suggested for general use.

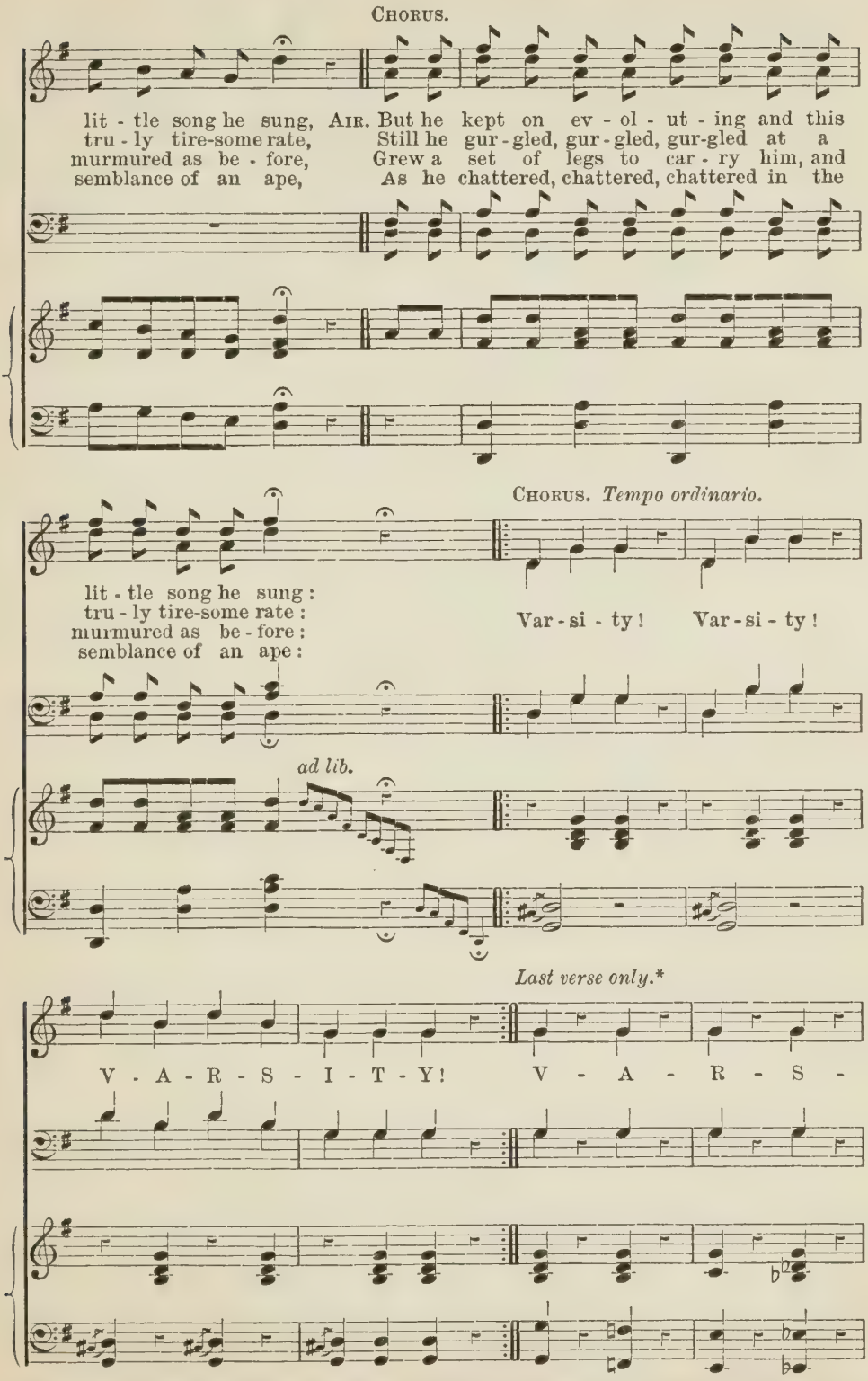


THE PUSHFUL POLLYWOG

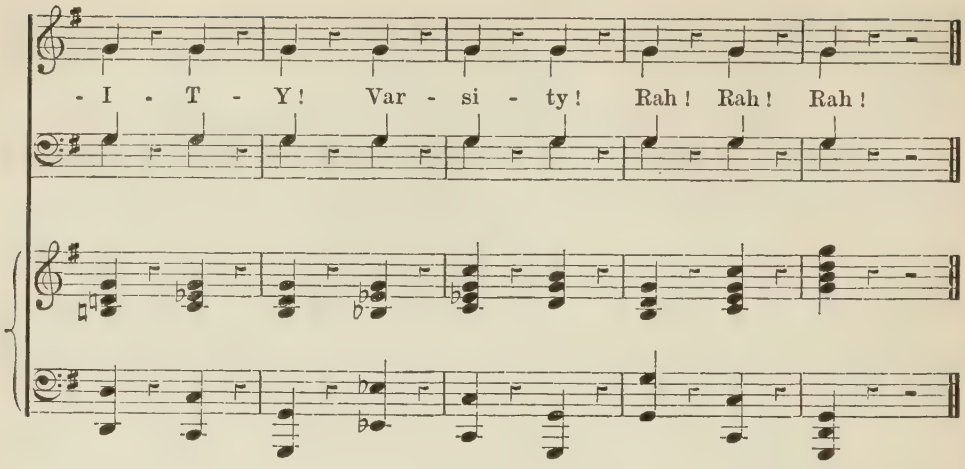
Words by JOHN D. SPENCE, 1889. Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1888.




Solo.
Groped a spine-less pol - ly wog - gle with an un - de - vel-oped lung;
The tad - dy soon a fish be - came, tho' still in - ver - te - brate;
The bank looked so in - vit - ing that he ven-tured to ex - plore;
For real - ly he pre - sent - ed a most ques-tion - a - ble shape;
Chorus.
Air.
V - A - R - S - I - T - Y!
Solo.
It was strug-gle, it was strive; It was
'Mid the si - lence of the sea, In a
So he flopped and wad-dled out, Looked with
Sav-age joy, to us de - nied, Filled the
rall.
hard to keep a - live; But he kept on ev - ol - ut - ing and this
voice-less mel - o - dy, Still he gur - gled, gur - gled, gur - gled at a
in - ter - est a - bout, Grew a set of legs to car - ry him, and
creature's hair - y hide, As he chat-tered, chat-tered, chat-tered in the



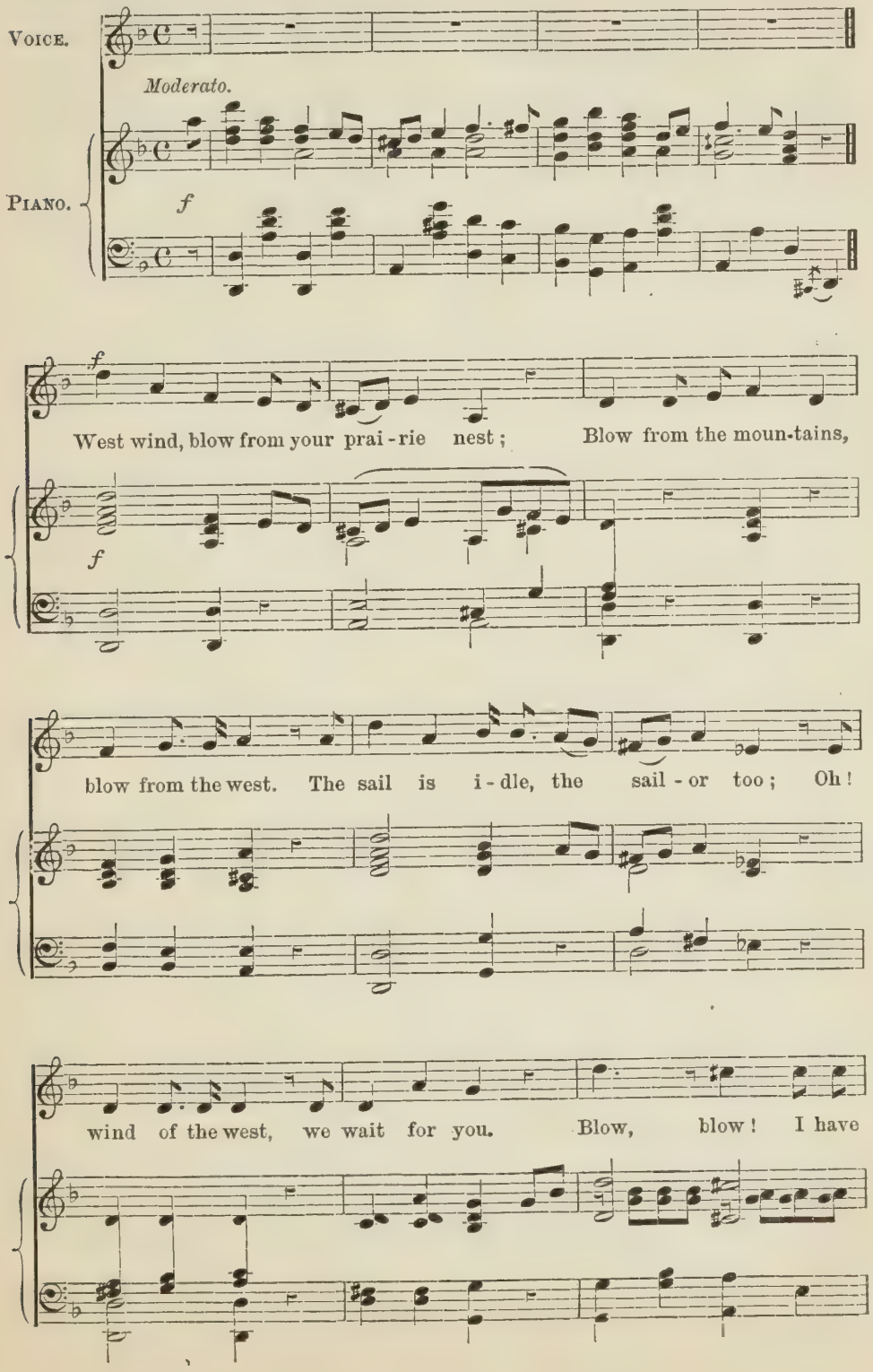
Directions:—For first chorus sing (*pp*) Varsity; for second (*p*) Varsity, Varsity; for third (*mf*) Varsity, Varsity, Varsity (*jocoso*); for fourth, complete chorus.

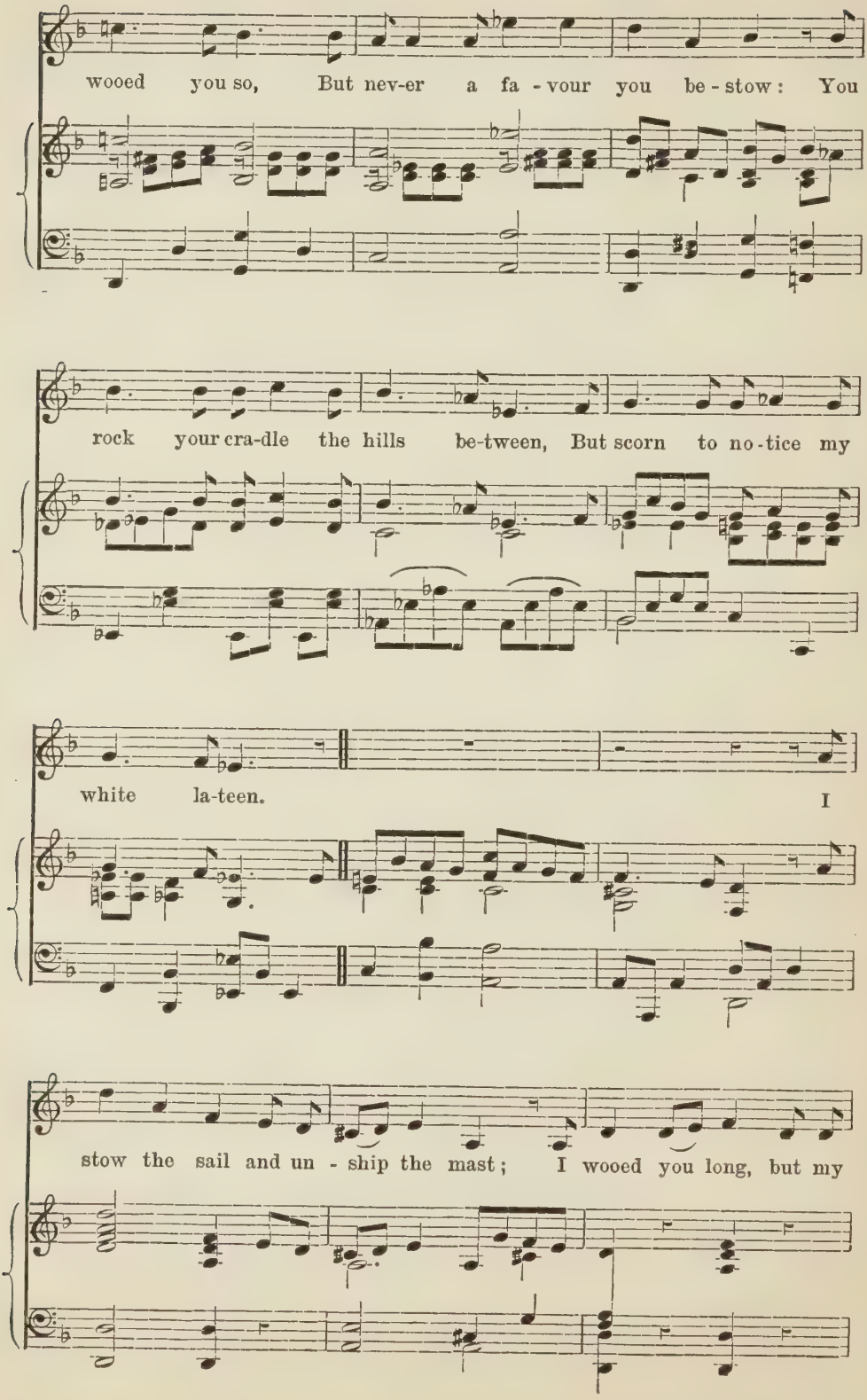


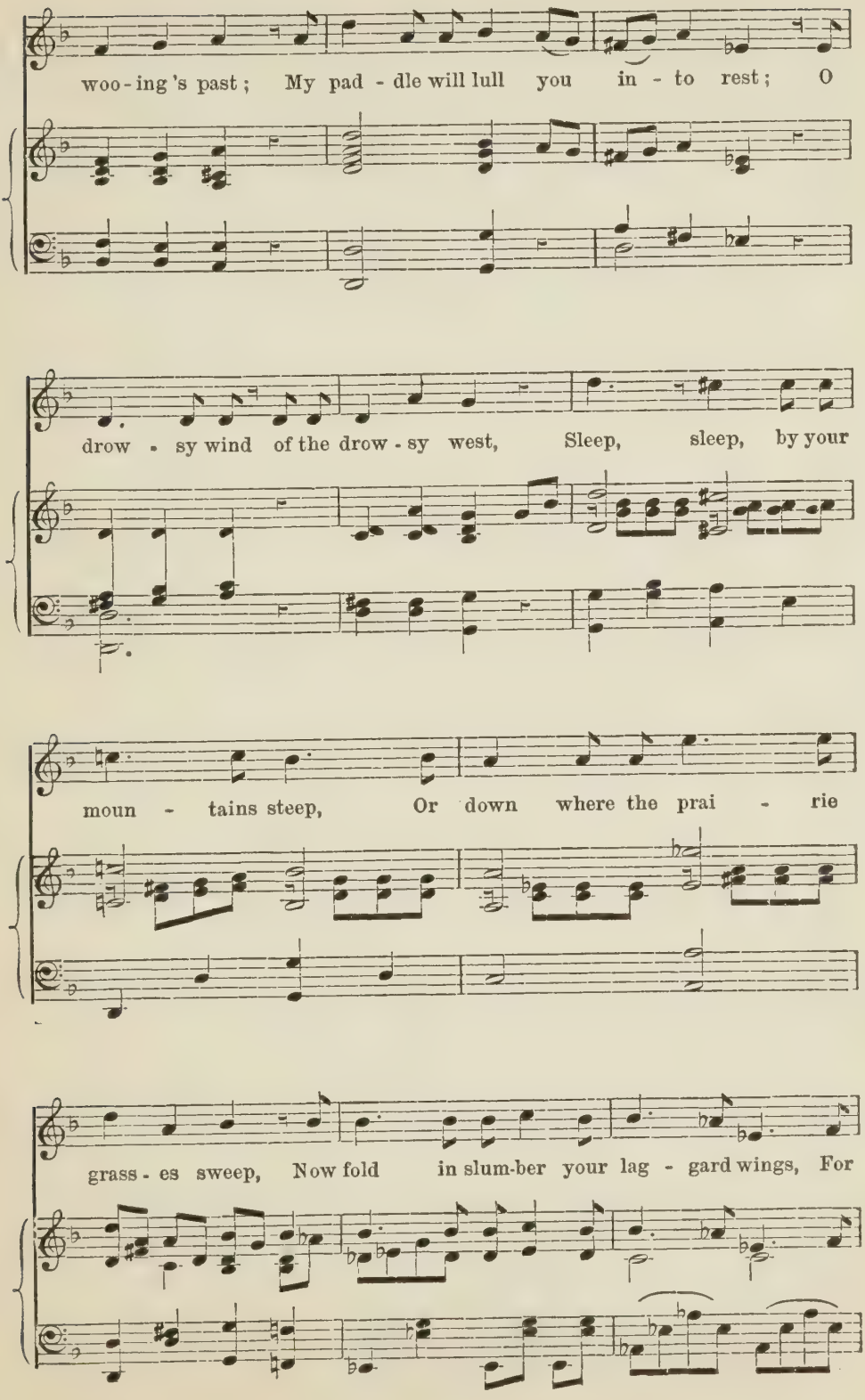
5. Coming down another aeon, you'll observe a curious thing:
The ape has lost the tail by which of yore he used to swing;
Cane and collar, hands and feet—
Lo, the Freshman all complete!
With a saw-mill in his thorax now this ditty doth he sing:
Chorus:—Varsity! Varsity! &c.

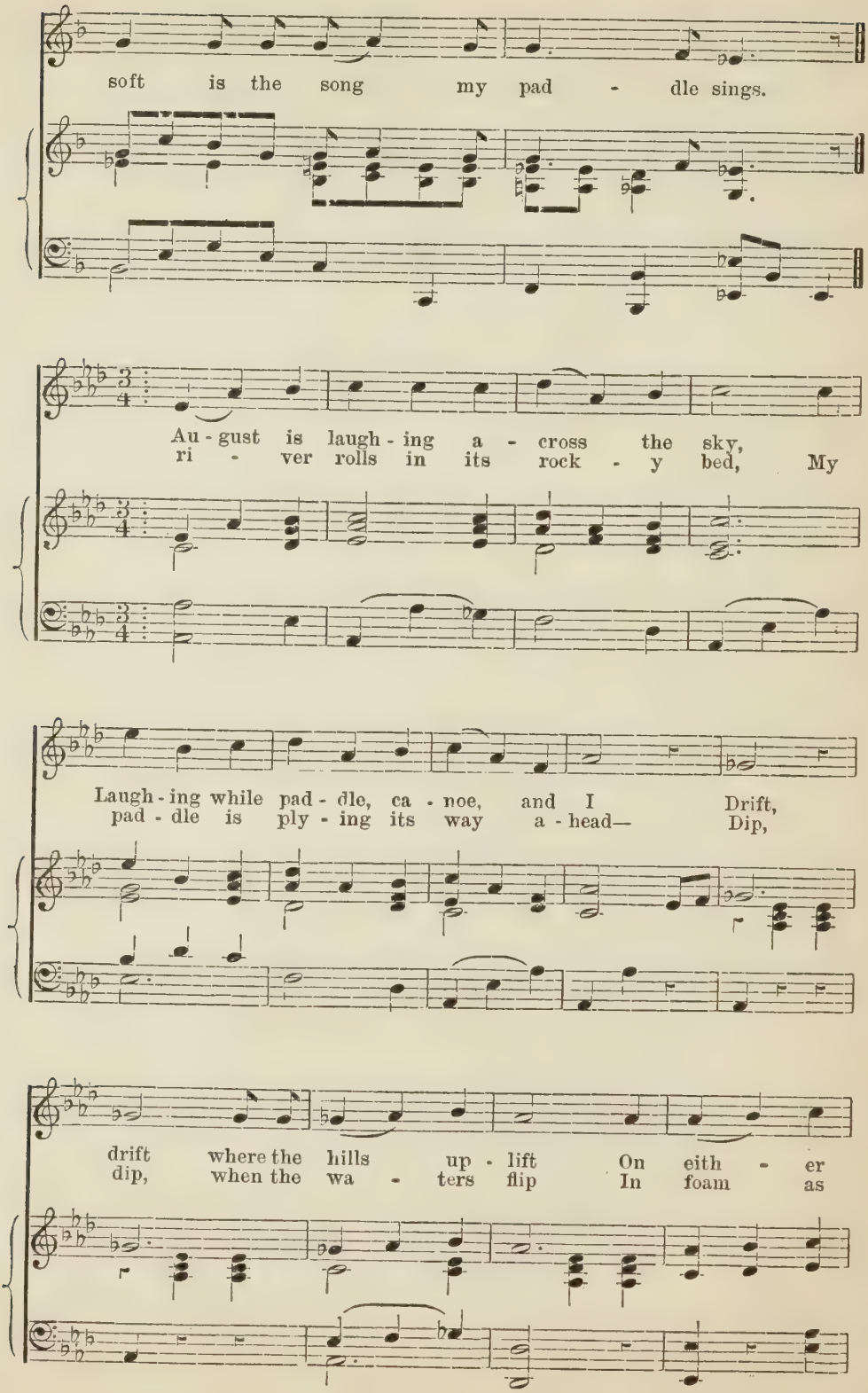
6. The world is very evil, and I shouldn't like to guess
To what a bad ascendancy the Freshman might progress;
He might evolve a brain;
A degree he might obtain;
But though he were a Senator, he'd warble none the less:
*Chorus as before, but adding the shout.**

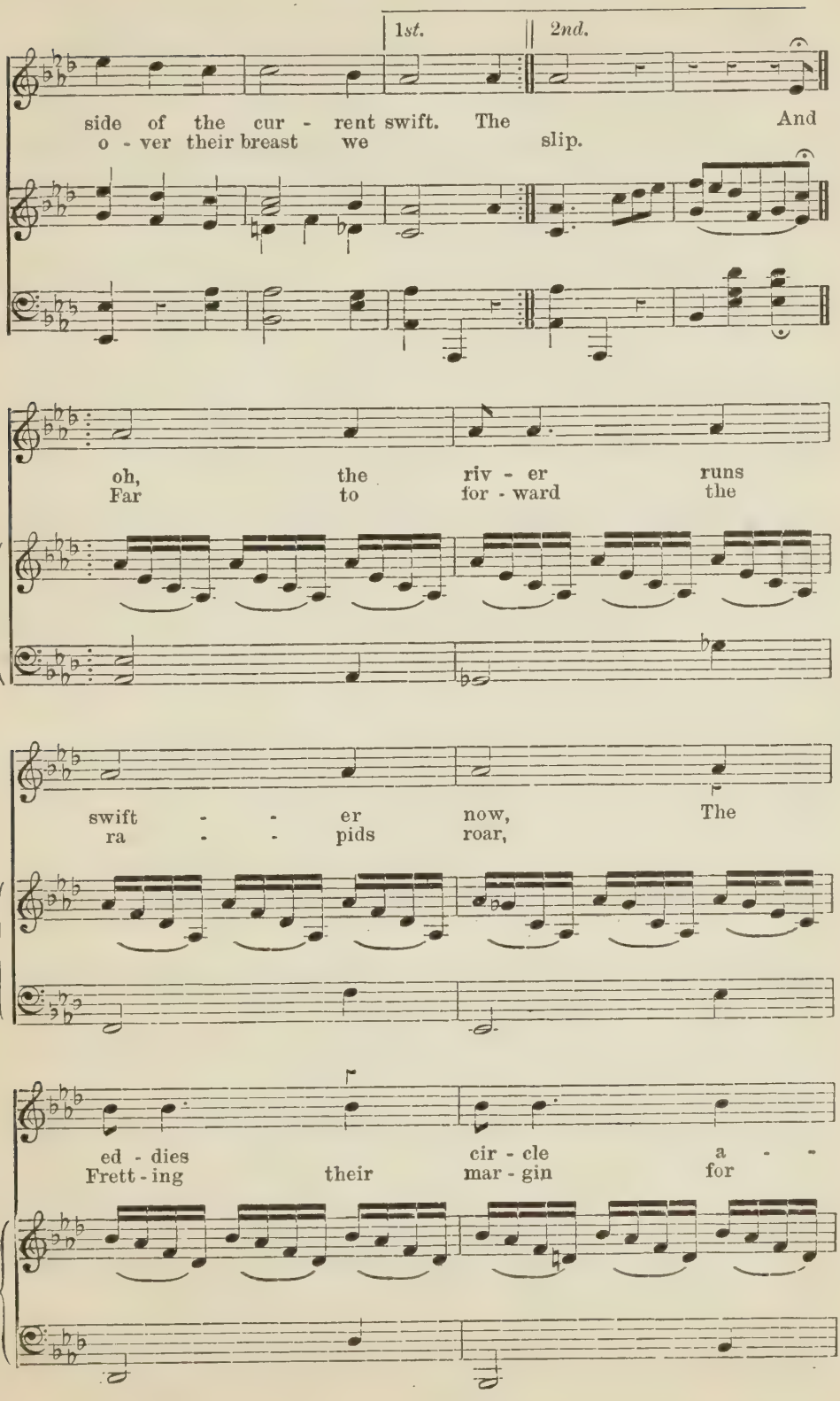
Words by E. Pauline Johnson. Music by Jas. Edmund Jones, 1915.

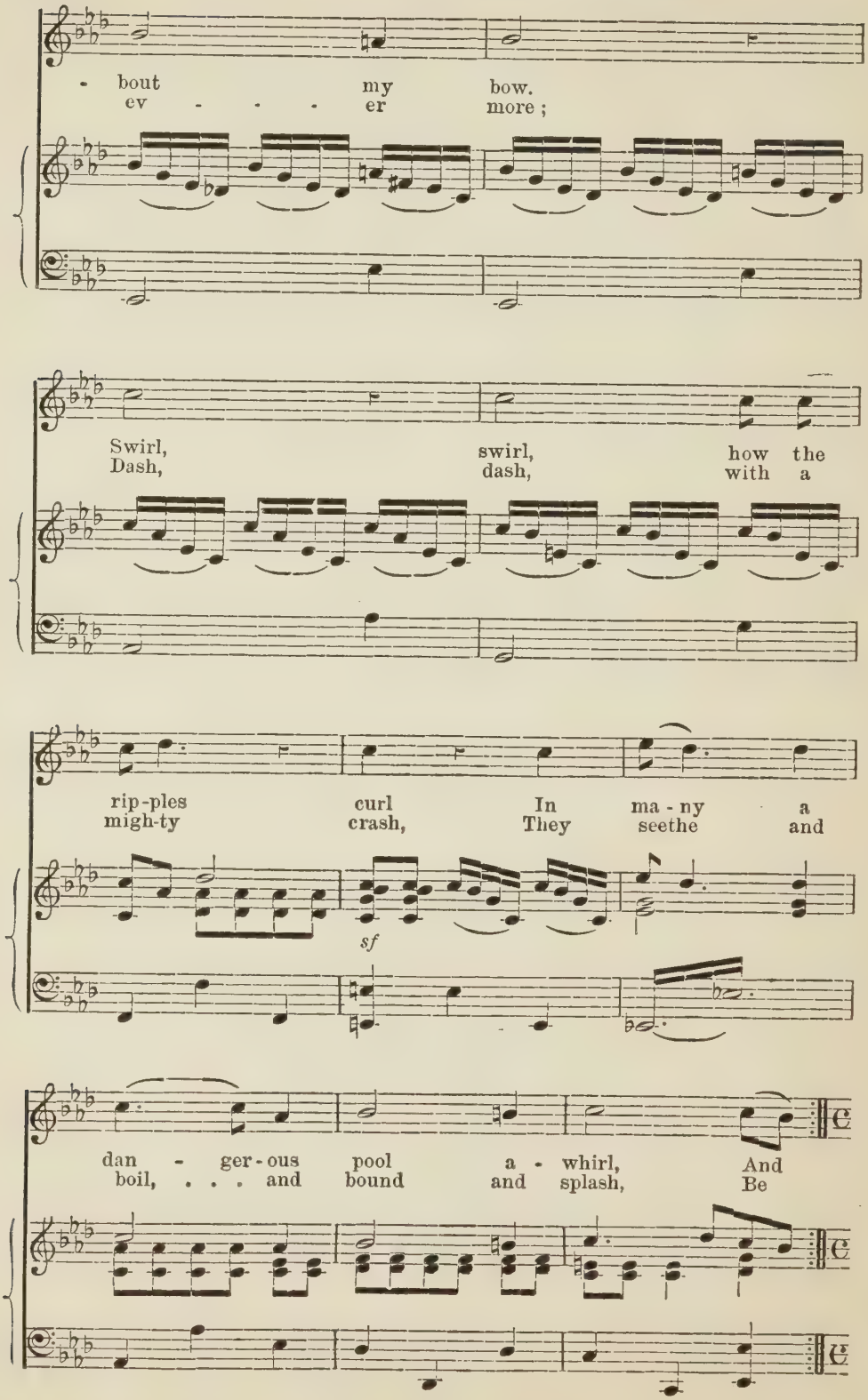


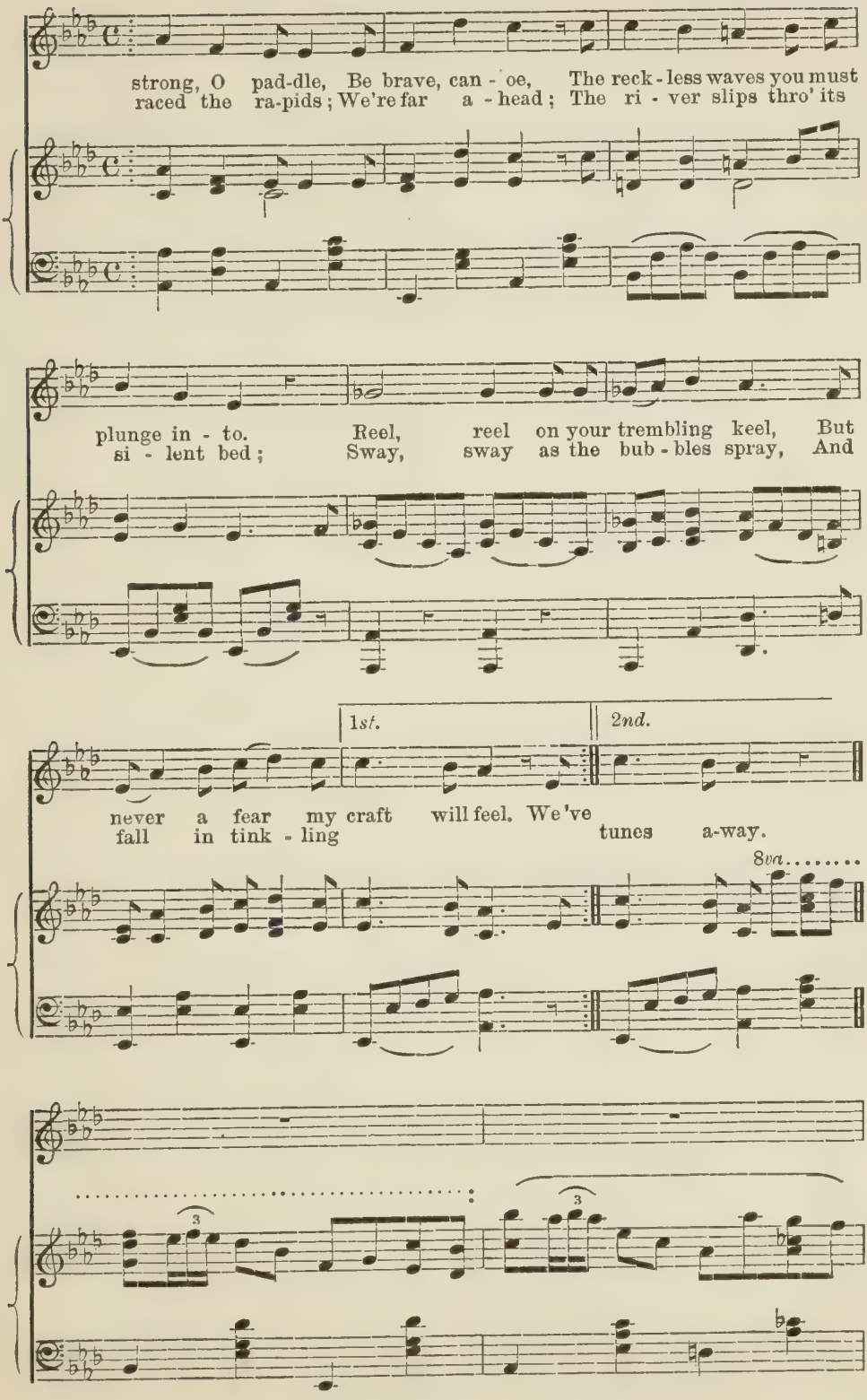

wooed you so, But nev-er a fa - vour you be - stow: You
rock your cra-dle the hills be-tween, But scorn to no-tice my
white la-teen. I
stow the sail and un - ship the mast; I wooed you long, but my


woo - ing 's past ; My pad - dle will lull you in - to rest ; O
drow - sy wind of the drow - sy west, Sleep, sleep, by your
moun - tains steep, Or down where the prai - rie
grass - es sweep, Now fold in slum-ber your lag - gard wings, For

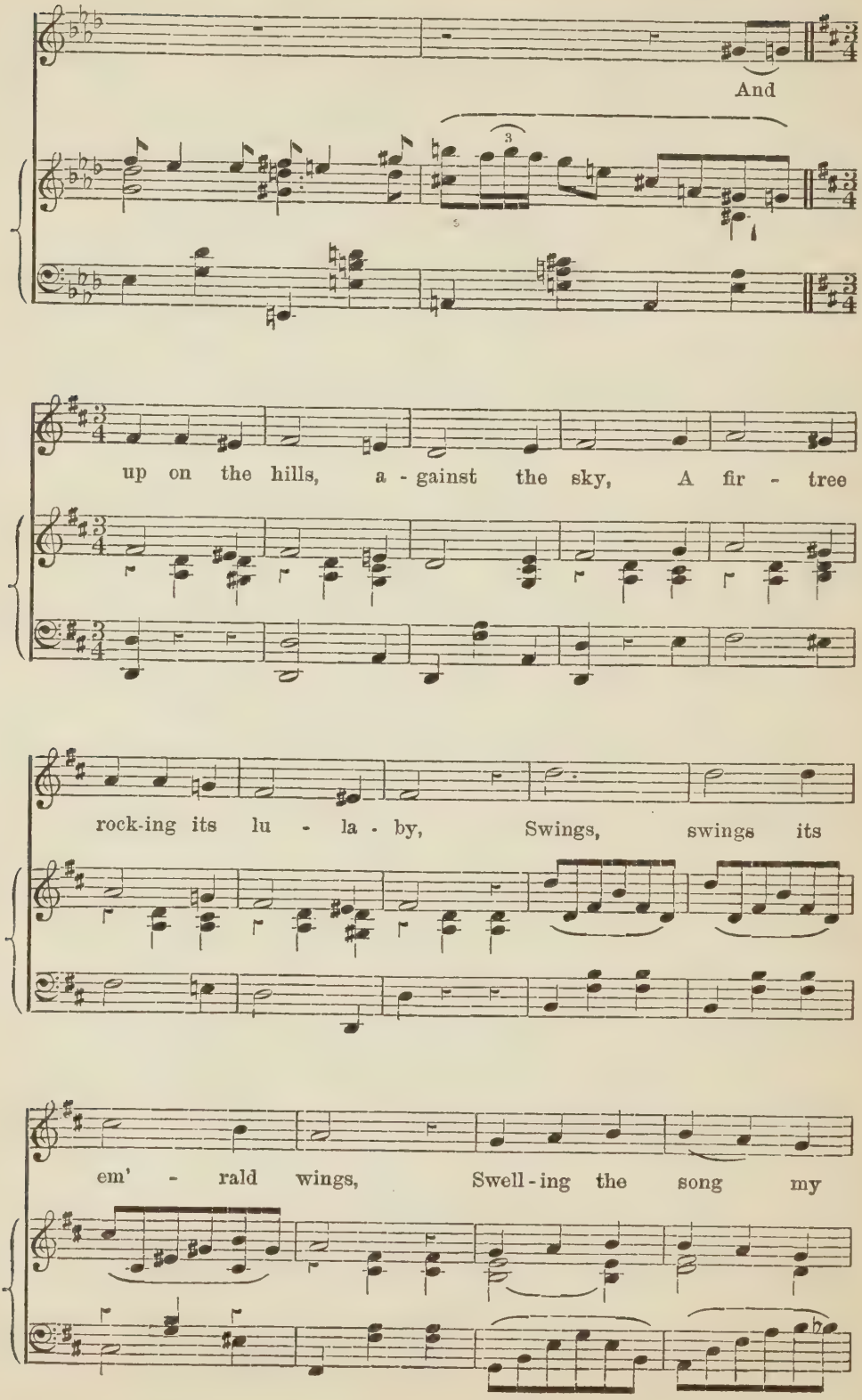

soft is the song my pad - dle sings.
Au - gust is laugh - ing a - cross the sky,
ri - ver rolls in its rock - y bed, My
Laugh - ing while pad - dle, ca - noe, and I Drift,
pad - dle is ply - ing its way a - head— Dip,
drift where the hills up - lift On eith - er
dip, when the wa - ters flip In foam as

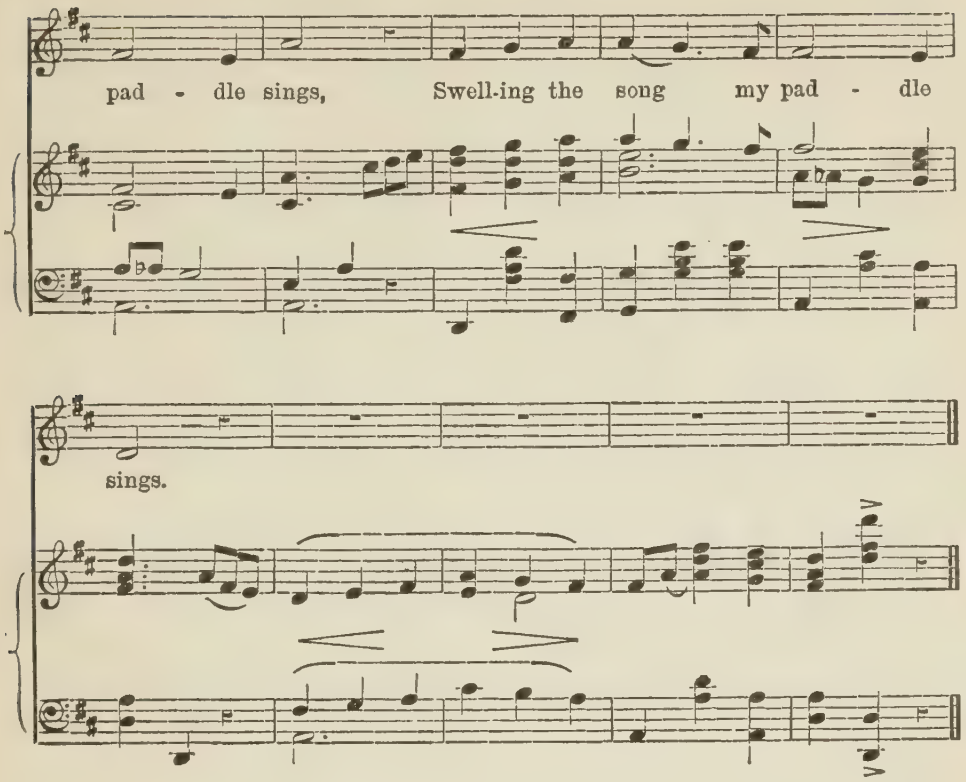

1st.
2nd.
side of the cur - rent swift. The And
o - ver their breast we slip.
oh, the riv - er runs
Far to for - ward the
swift - - er now, The
ra - - pids roar,
ed - dies cir - cle a - -
Frett - ing their mar - gin for


- bout my bow.
ev - - - er more;
Swirl, swirl, how the
Dash, dash, with a
rip-ples curl In ma - ny a
migh-ty crash, They seethe and
sf
dan - ger-ous pool a - whirl, And
boil, . . . and bound and splash, Be


strong, O pad-dle, Be brave, can - oe, The reck - less waves you must
raced the ra-pids; We're far a - head; The ri - ver slips thro' its
plunge in - to. Reel, reel on your trembling keel, But
si - lent bed; Sway, sway as the bub - bles spray, And
1st.
2nd.
never a fear my craft will feel. We've
fall in tink - ling tunes a-way.
8va
3
3

F

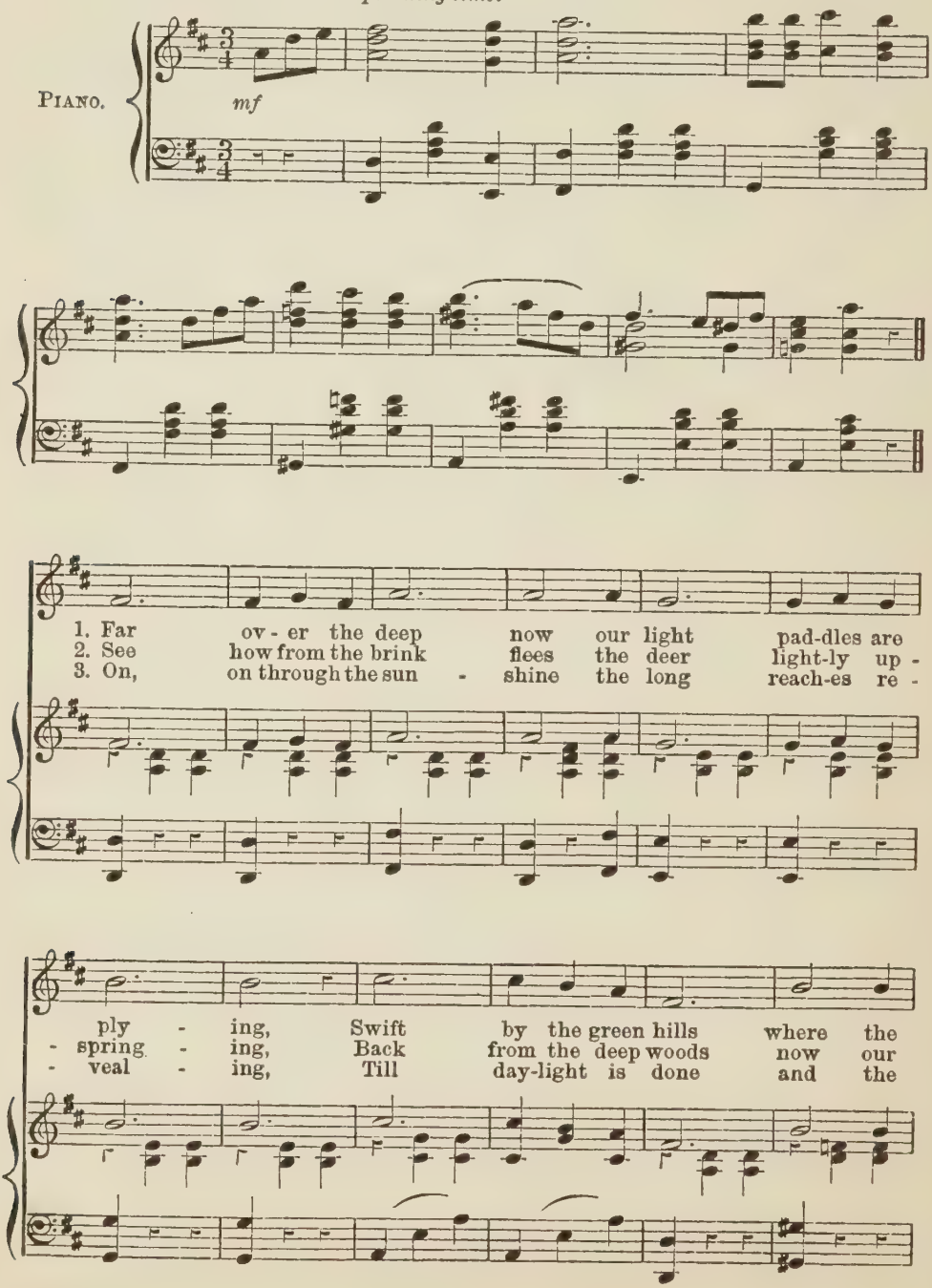

And
up on the hills, a - gainst the sky, A fir - tree
rock-ing its lu - la - by, Swings, swings its
em' - rald wings, Swell - ing the song my

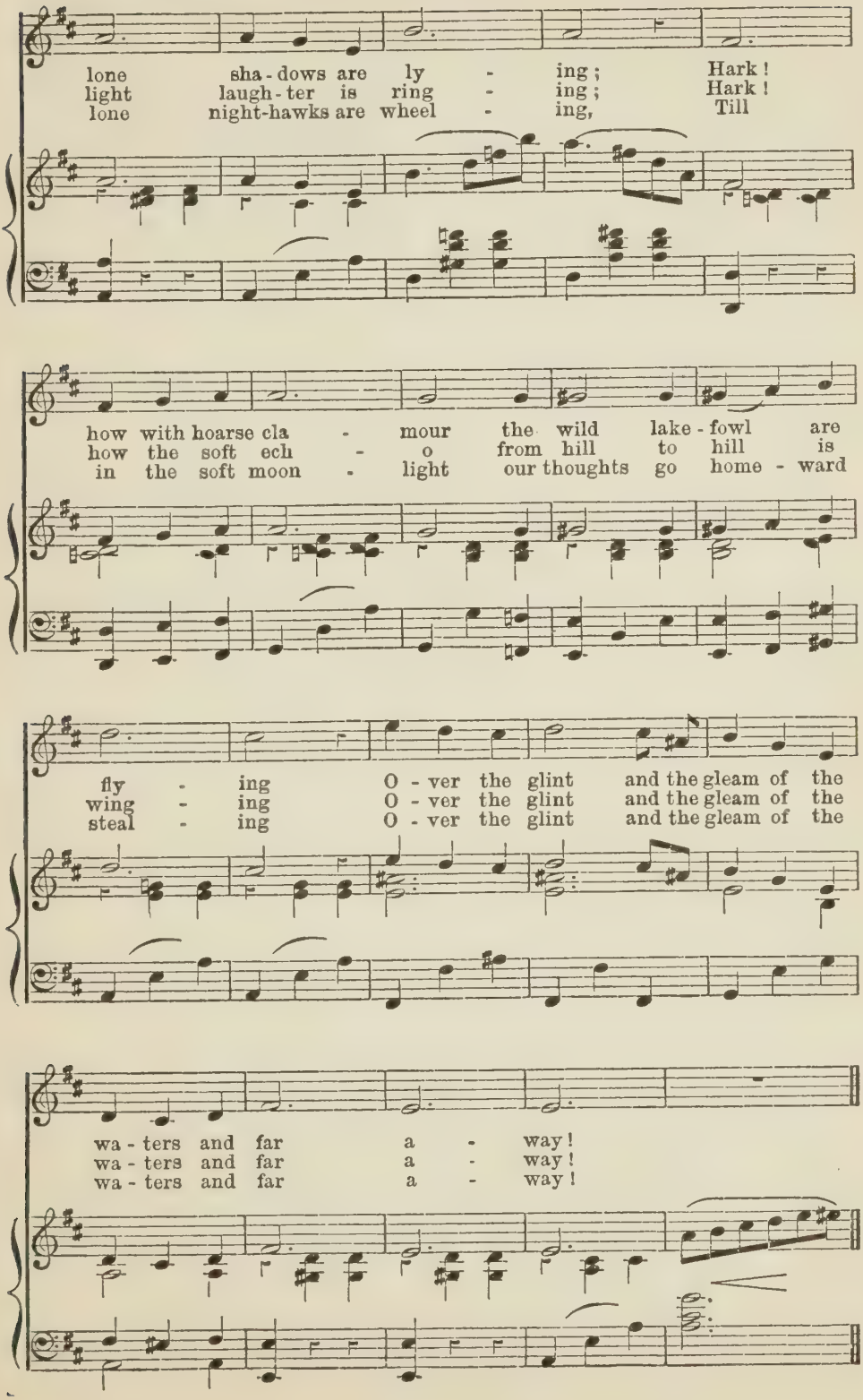

pad - dle sings, Swell-ing the song my pad - dle
sings.

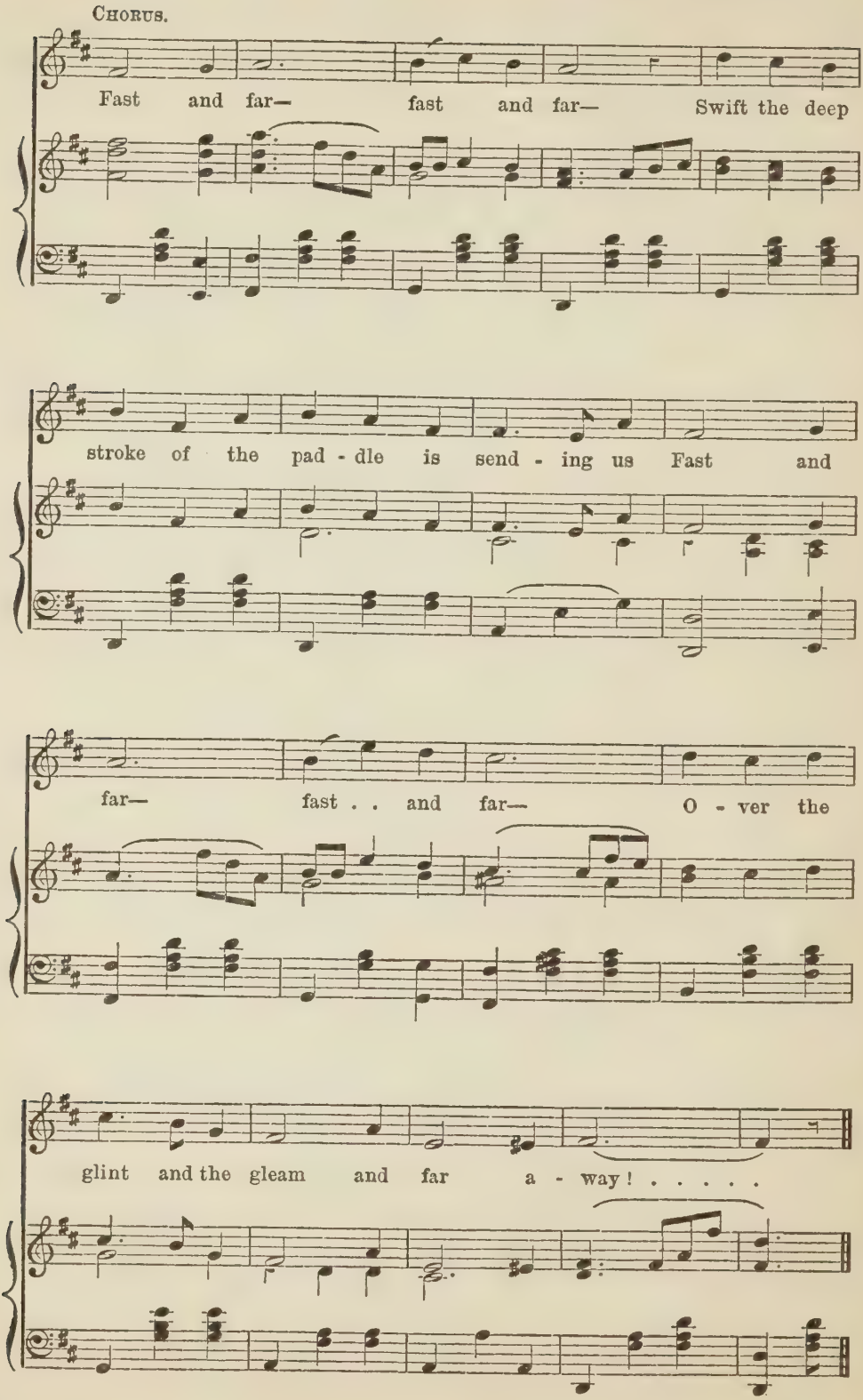
FAST AND FAR: A CANOEING SONG

Words by JOHN D. SPENCE, 1915. Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, 1915.

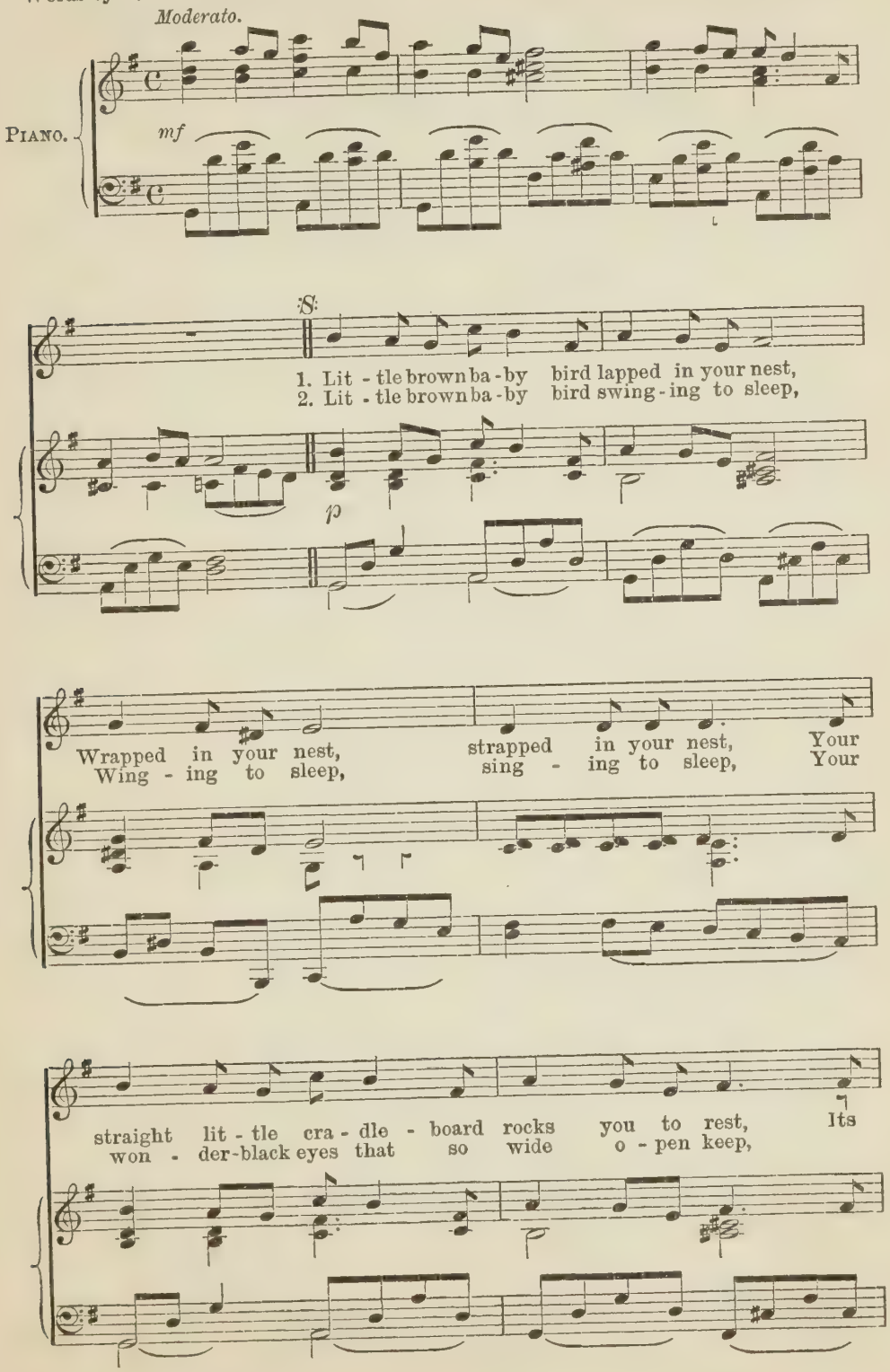
Moderato. In paddling time.

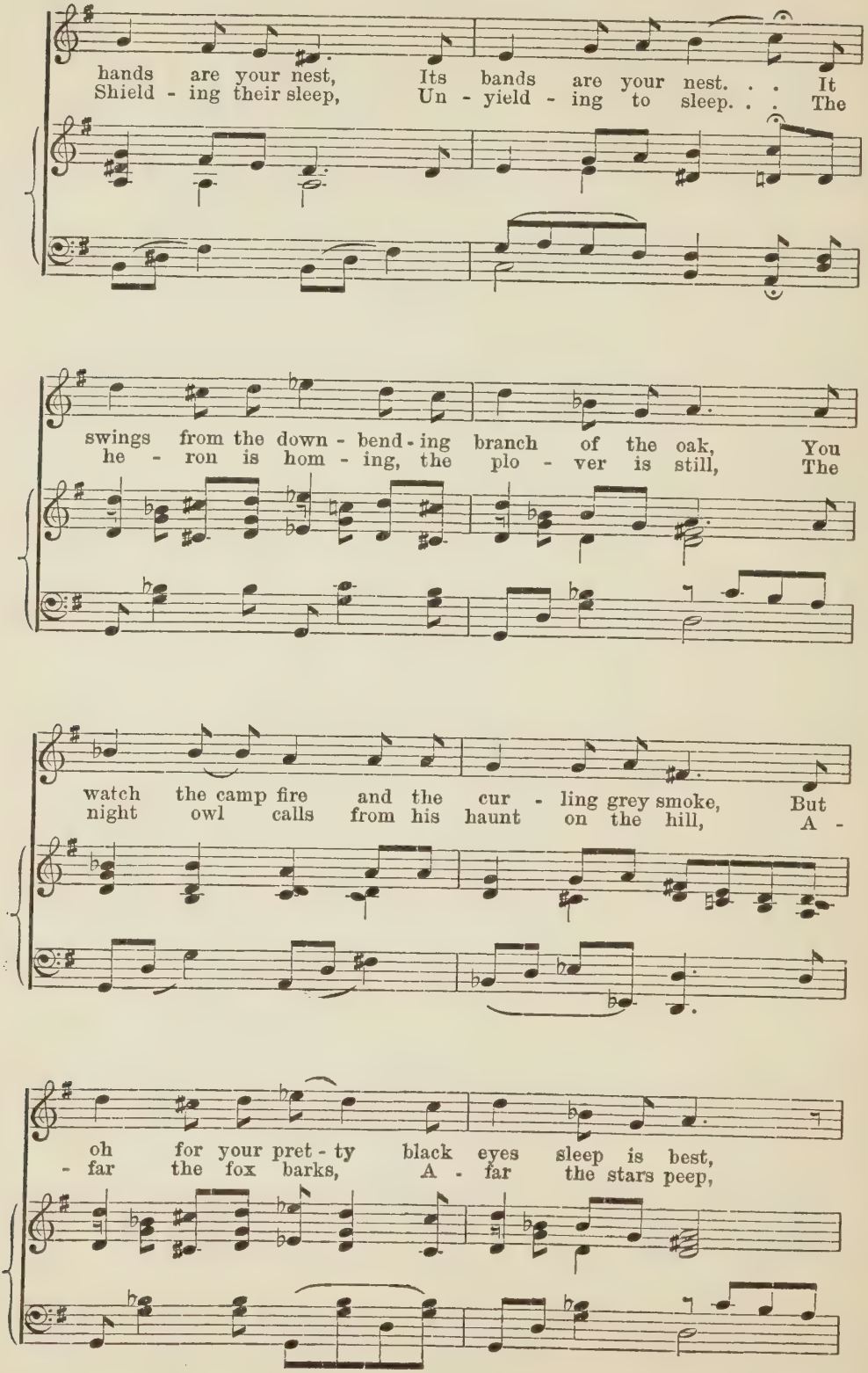


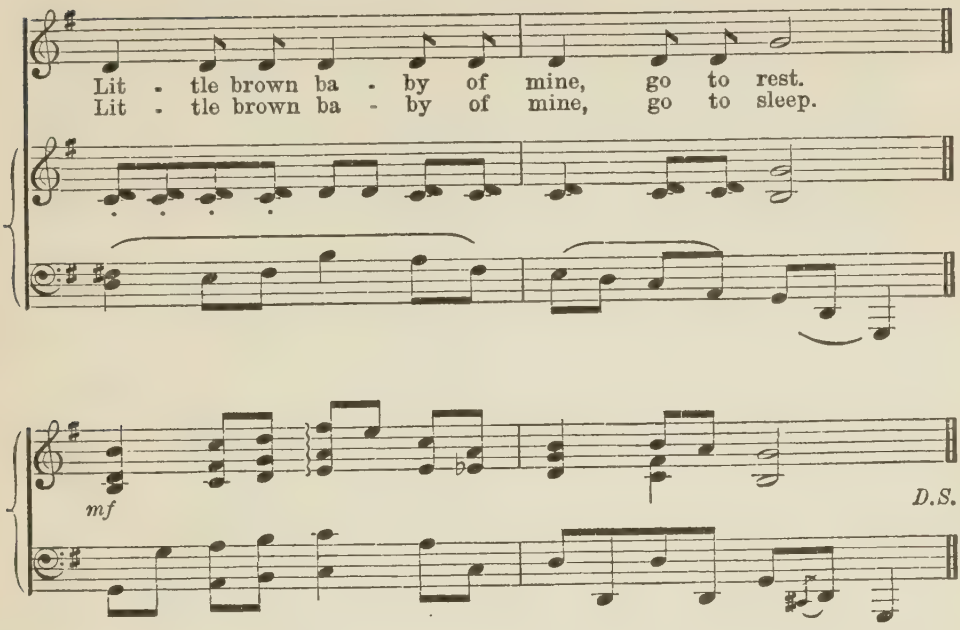

lone sha-dows are ly - ing; Hark!
light laugh-ter is ring - ing; Hark!
lone night-hawks are wheel - ing, Till
how with hoarse cla - mour the wild lake-fowl are
how the soft ech - o from hill to hill is
in the soft moon - light our thoughts go home-ward
fly - ing O - ver the glint and the gleam of the
wing - ing O - ver the glint and the gleam of the
steal - ing O - ver the glint and the gleam of the
wa-ters and far a - way!
wa-ters and far a - way!
wa-ters and far a - way!


Chorus.
Fast and far— fast and far— Swift the deep
stroke of the pad - dle is send - ing us Fast and
far— fast . . and far— O - ver the
glint and the gleam and far a - way! . . . . .

Words by E. Pauline Johnson. Music by Jas. Edmund Jones, 1915.

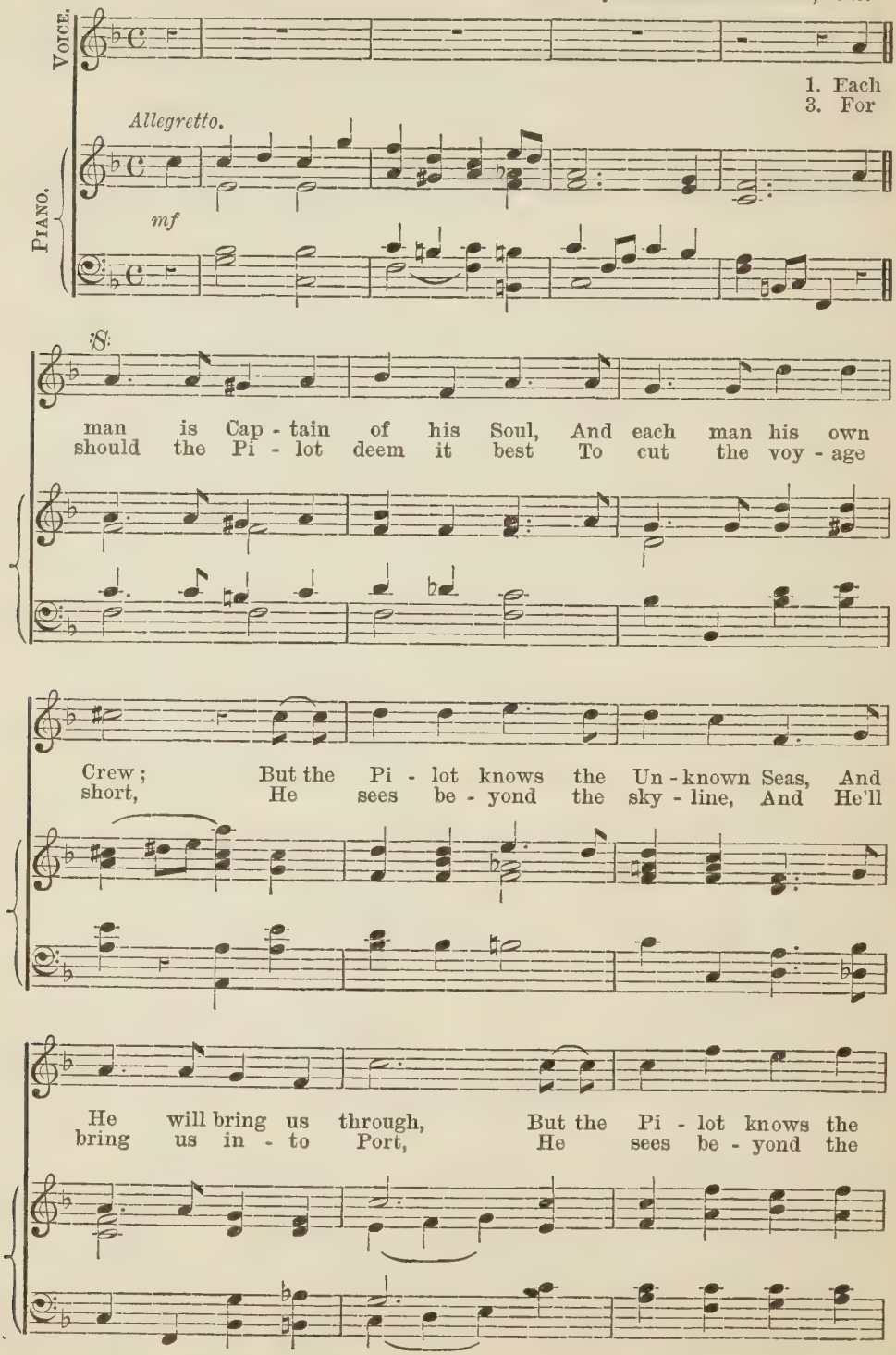


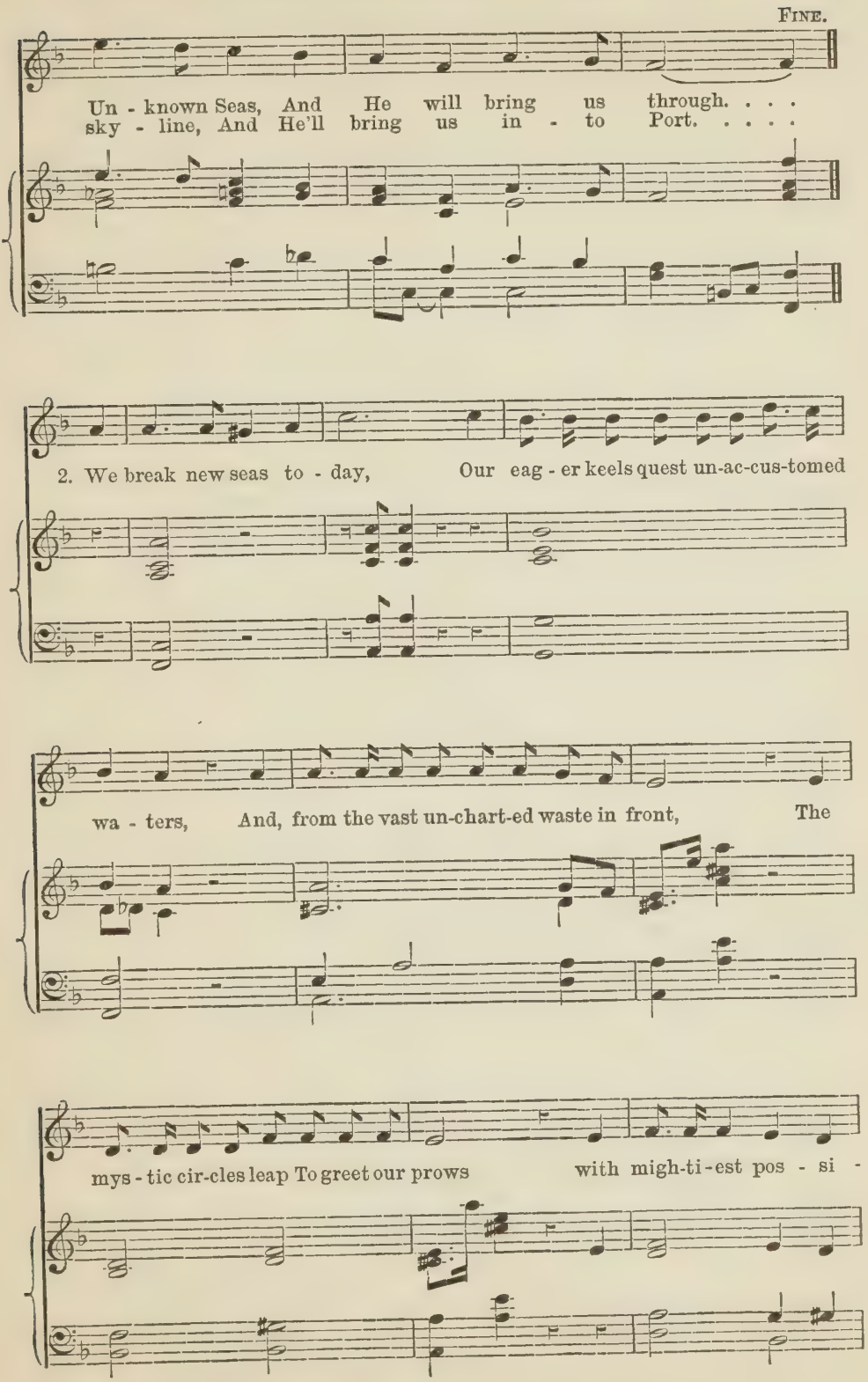

hands are your nest, Its bands are your nest. . . It
Shield - ing their sleep, Un - yield - ing to sleep. . . The
swings from the down - bend - ing branch of the oak, You
he - ron is hom - ing, the plo - ver is still, The
watch the camp fire and the cur - ling grey smoke, But
night owl calls from his haunt on the hill, A -
oh for your pret - ty black eyes sleep is best,
- far the fox barks, A - far the stars peep,

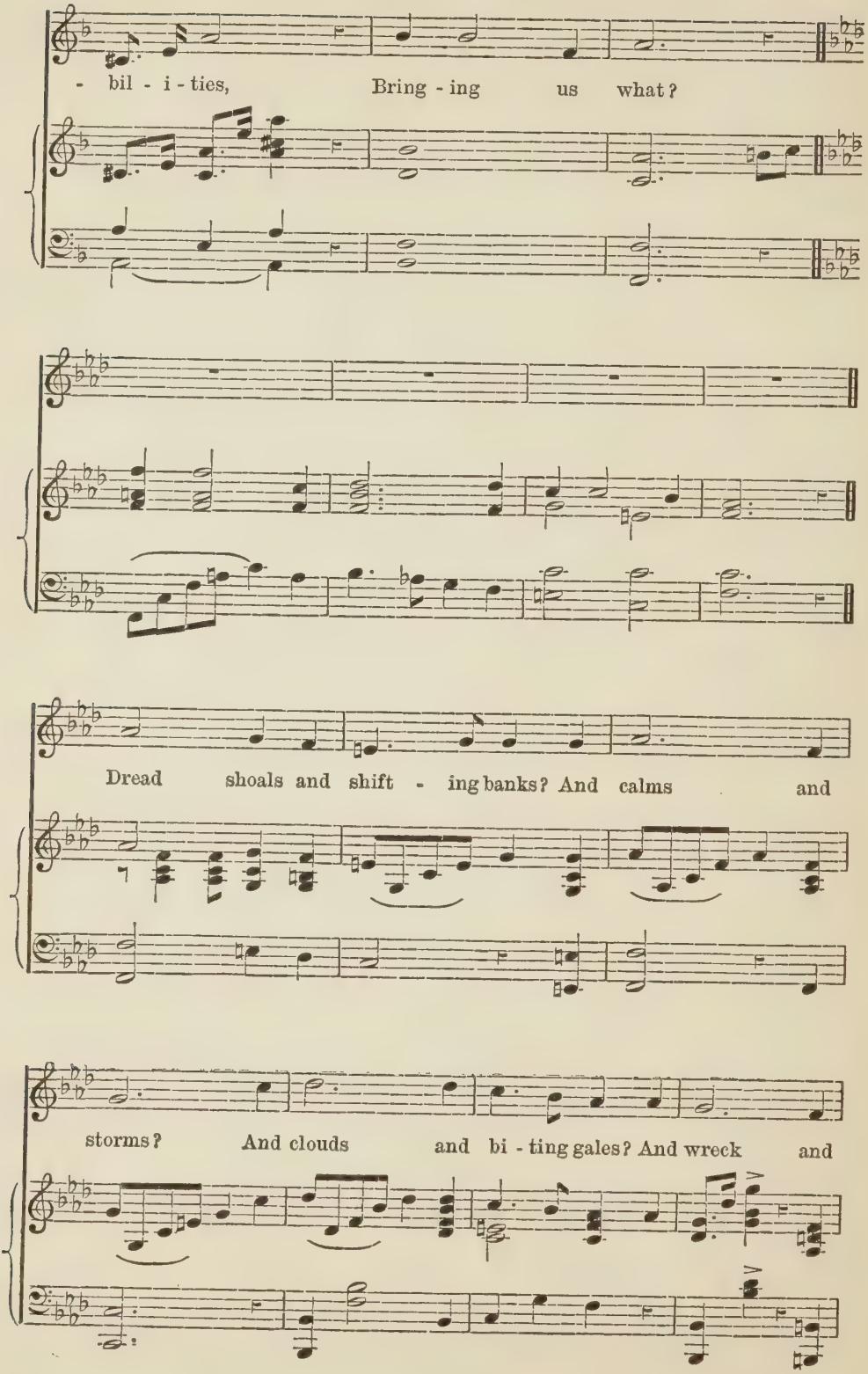

Lit - tle brown ba - by of mine, go to rest.
Lit - tle brown ba - by of mine, go to sleep.
mf
D.S.

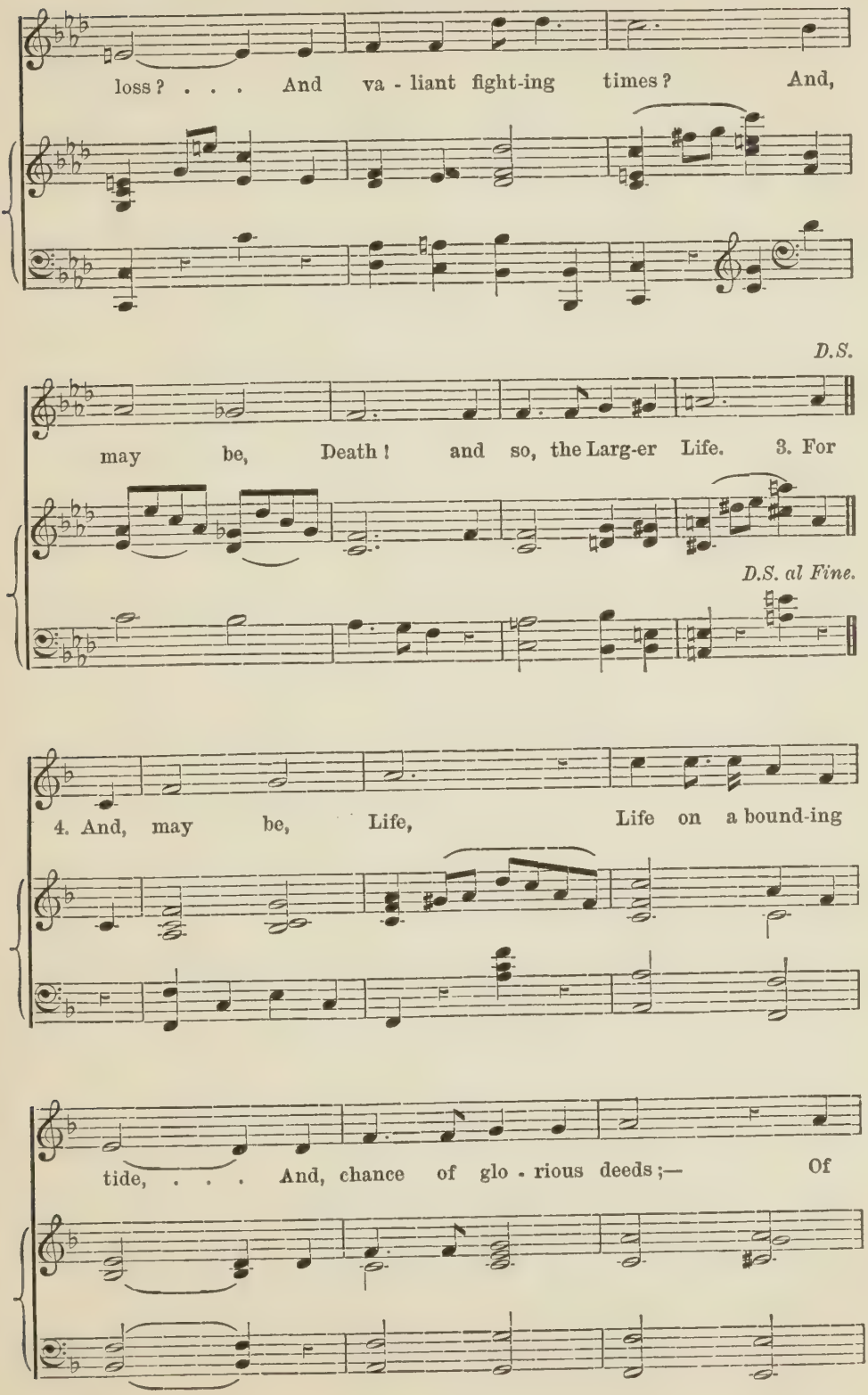
THE PILOT. NEW YEAR'S DAY—AND EVERY DAY

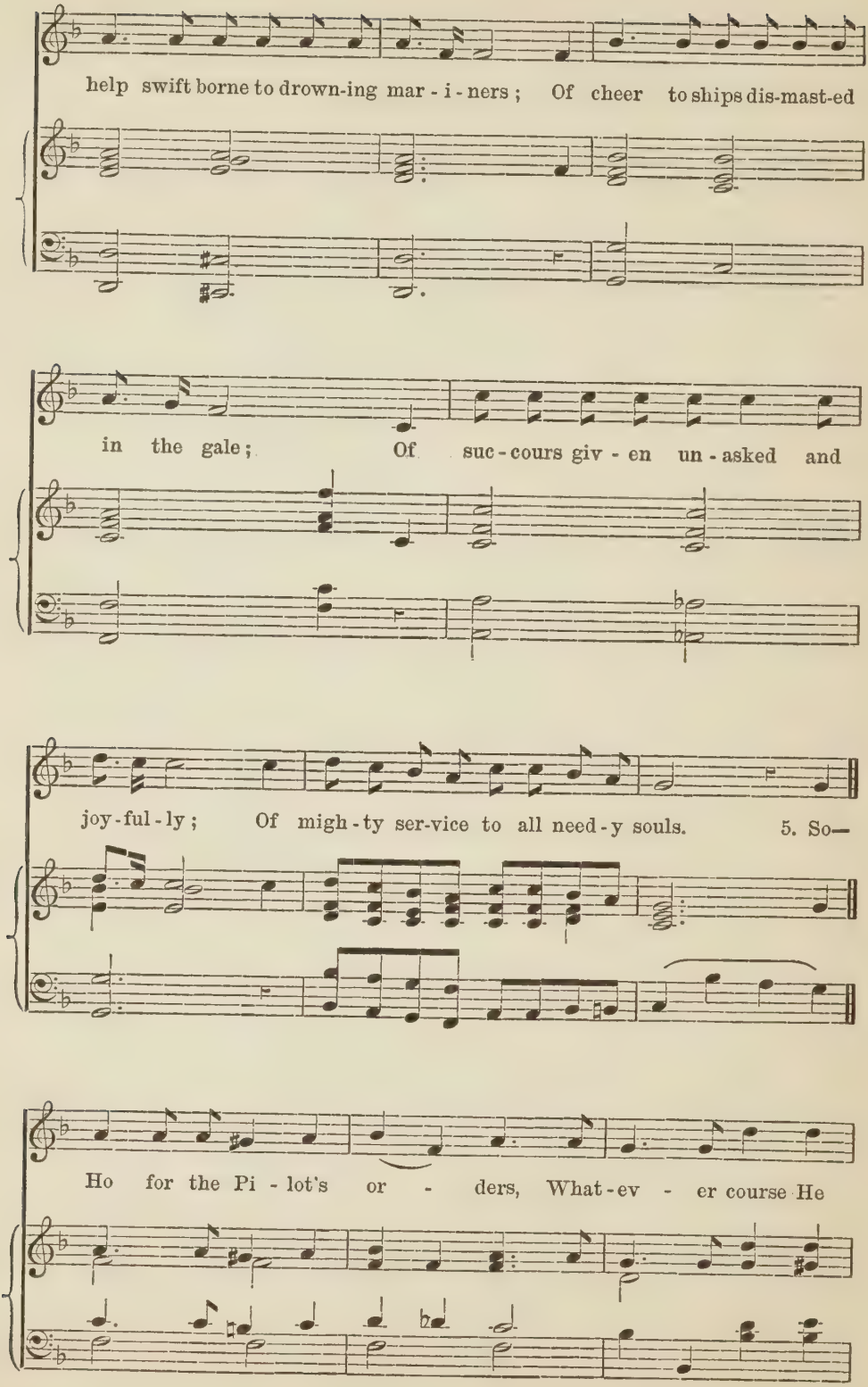
Words by JOHN OXENHAM. Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, 1915.

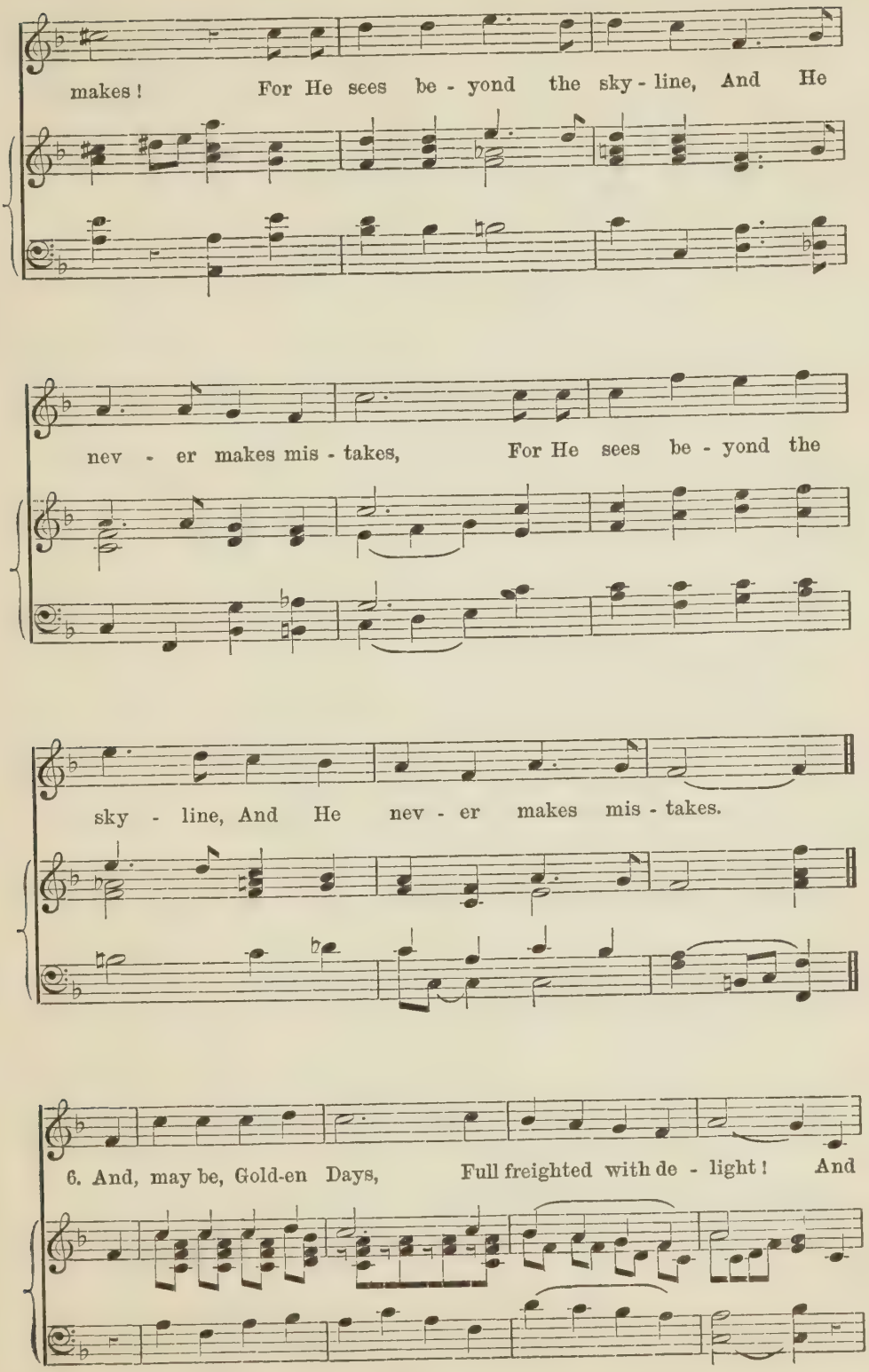


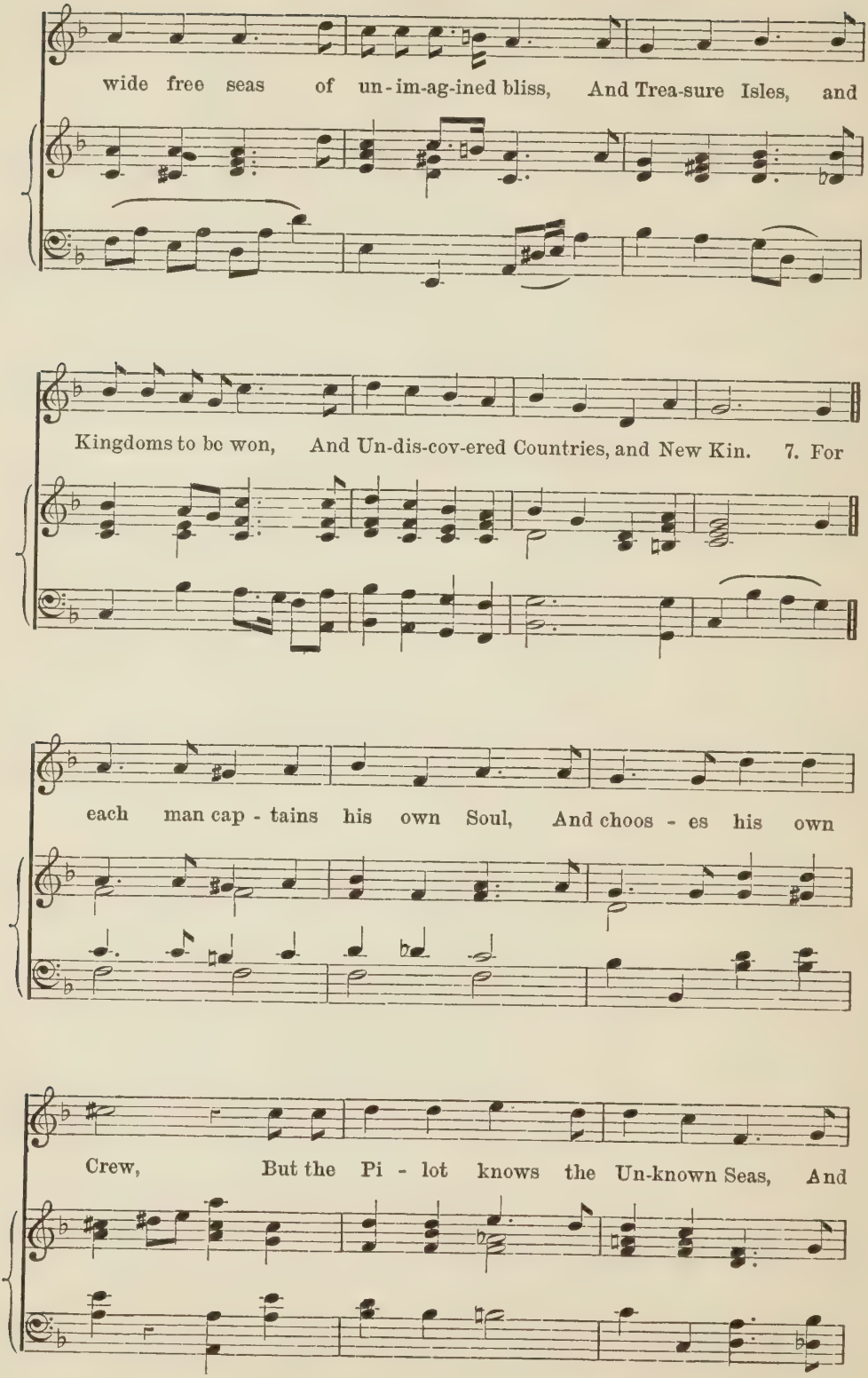

FINE.
Un - known Seas, And He will bring us through. . . .
sky - line, And He'll bring us in - to Port. . . . .
2. We break new seas to - day, Our eag - er keels quest un-ac-cus-tomed
wa - ters, And, from the vast un-chart-ed waste in front, The
mys - tic cir-cles leap To greet our prows with migh-ti-est pos - si -

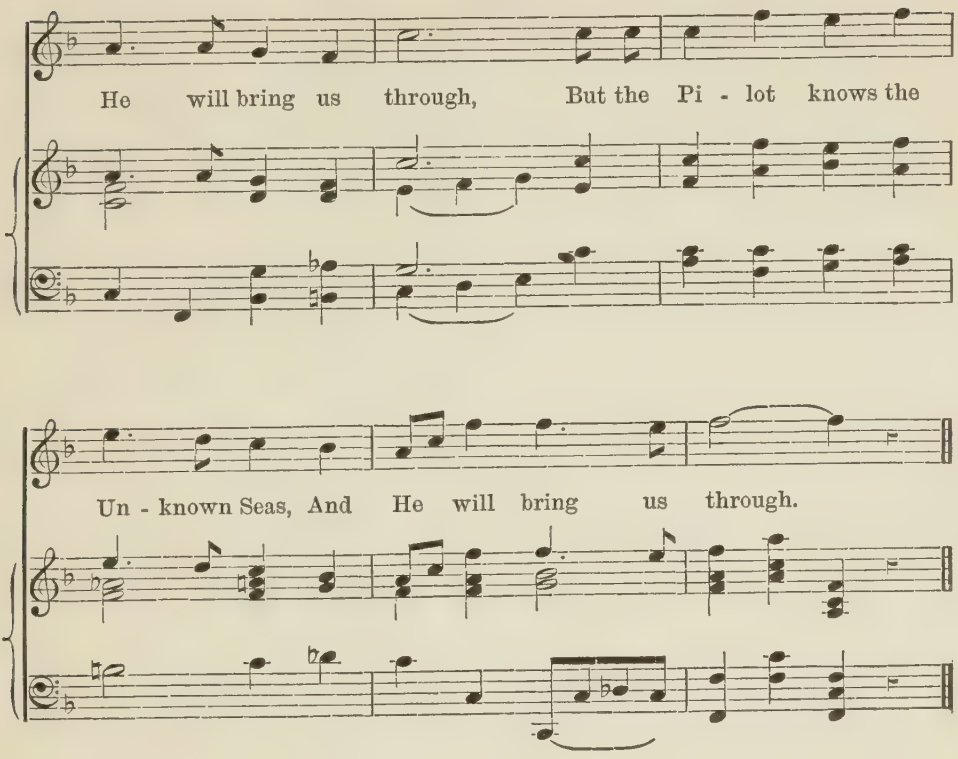

- bil - i - ties, Bring - ing us what?
Dread shoals and shift - ing banks? And calms and
storms? And clouds and bi - ting gales? And wreck and


loss? . . . And va - liant fight-ing times? And,
D.S.
may be, Death! and so, the Larg-er Life. 3. For
D.S. al Fine.
4. And, may be, Life, Life on a bound-ing
tide, . . . And, chance of glo - rious deeds;— Of

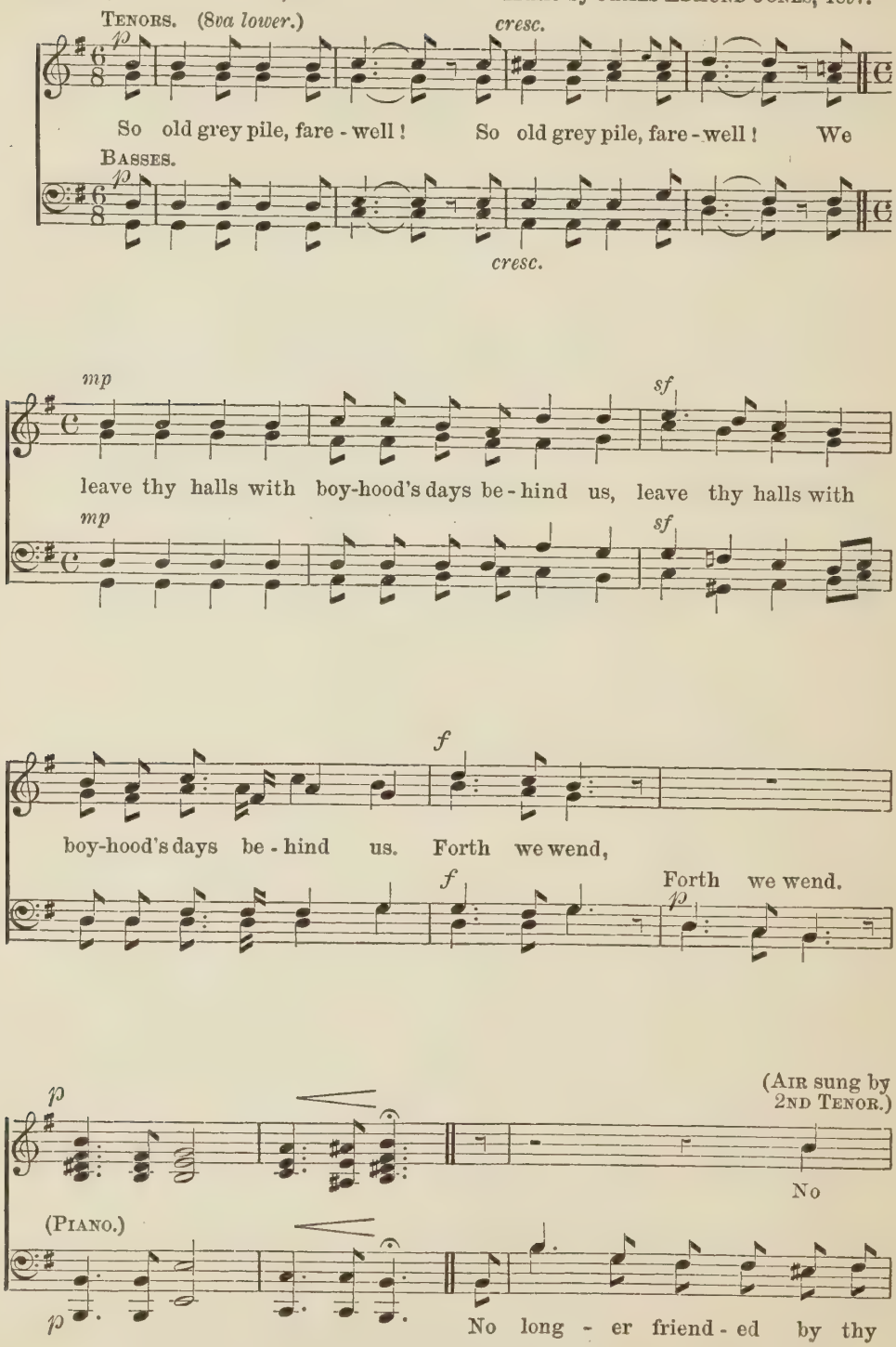

help swift borne to drown-ing mar - i - ners ; Of cheer to ships dis-mast-ed
in the gale ; Of suc - cours giv - en un - asked and
joy-ful - ly ; Of migh - ty ser-vice to all need - y souls. 5. So—
Ho for the Pi - lot's or - ders, What - ev - er course He


makes! For He sees be - yond the sky - line, And He
nev - er makes mis - takes, For He sees be - yond the
sky - line, And He nev - er makes mis - takes.
6. And, may be, Gold-en Days, Full freighted with de - light! And

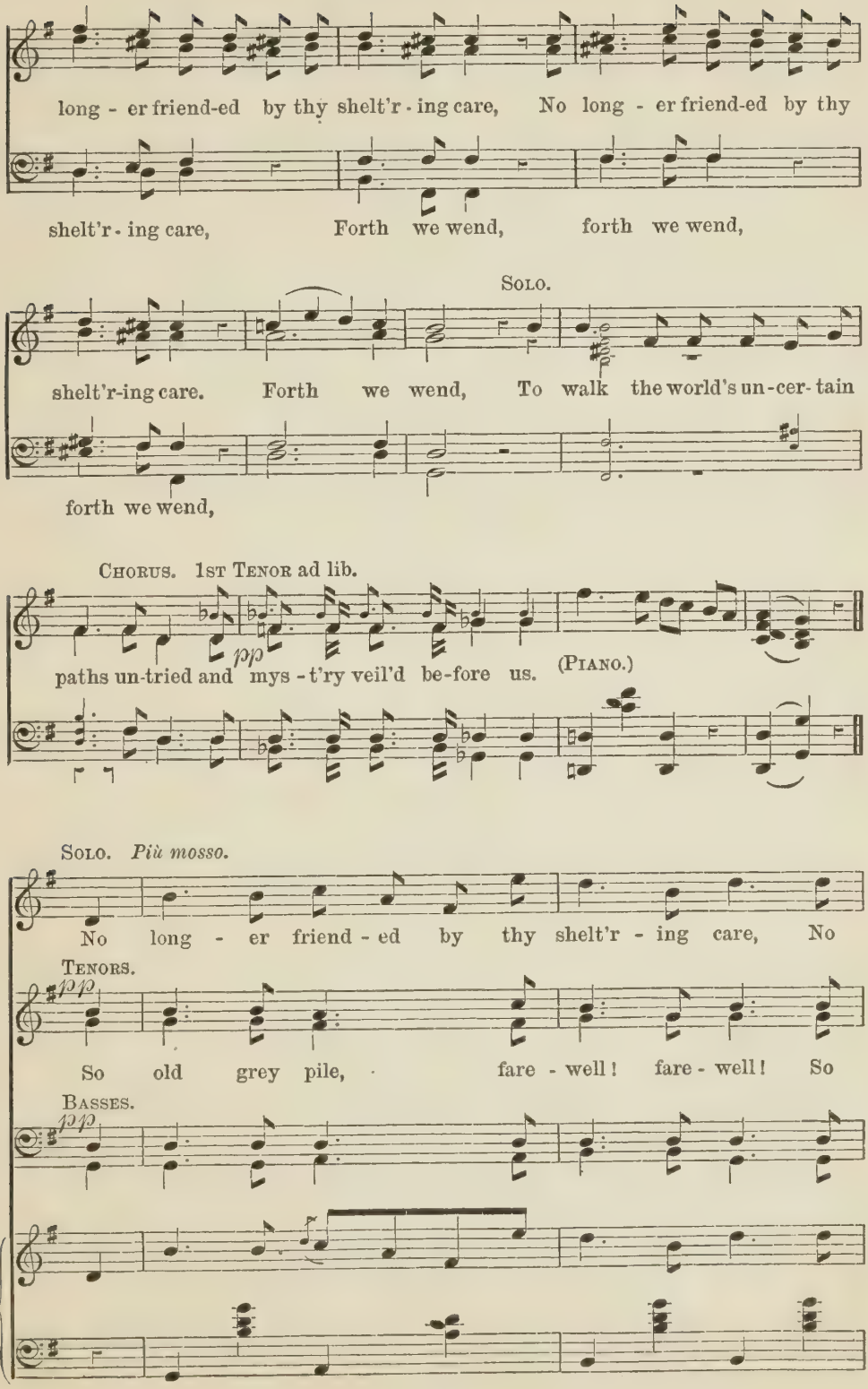

wide free seas of un-im-ag-ined bliss, And Trea-sure Isles, and
Kingdoms to be won, And Un-dis-cov-ered Countries, and New Kin. 7. For
each man cap-tains his own Soul, And choos-es his own
Crew, But the Pi-lot knows the Un-known Seas, And

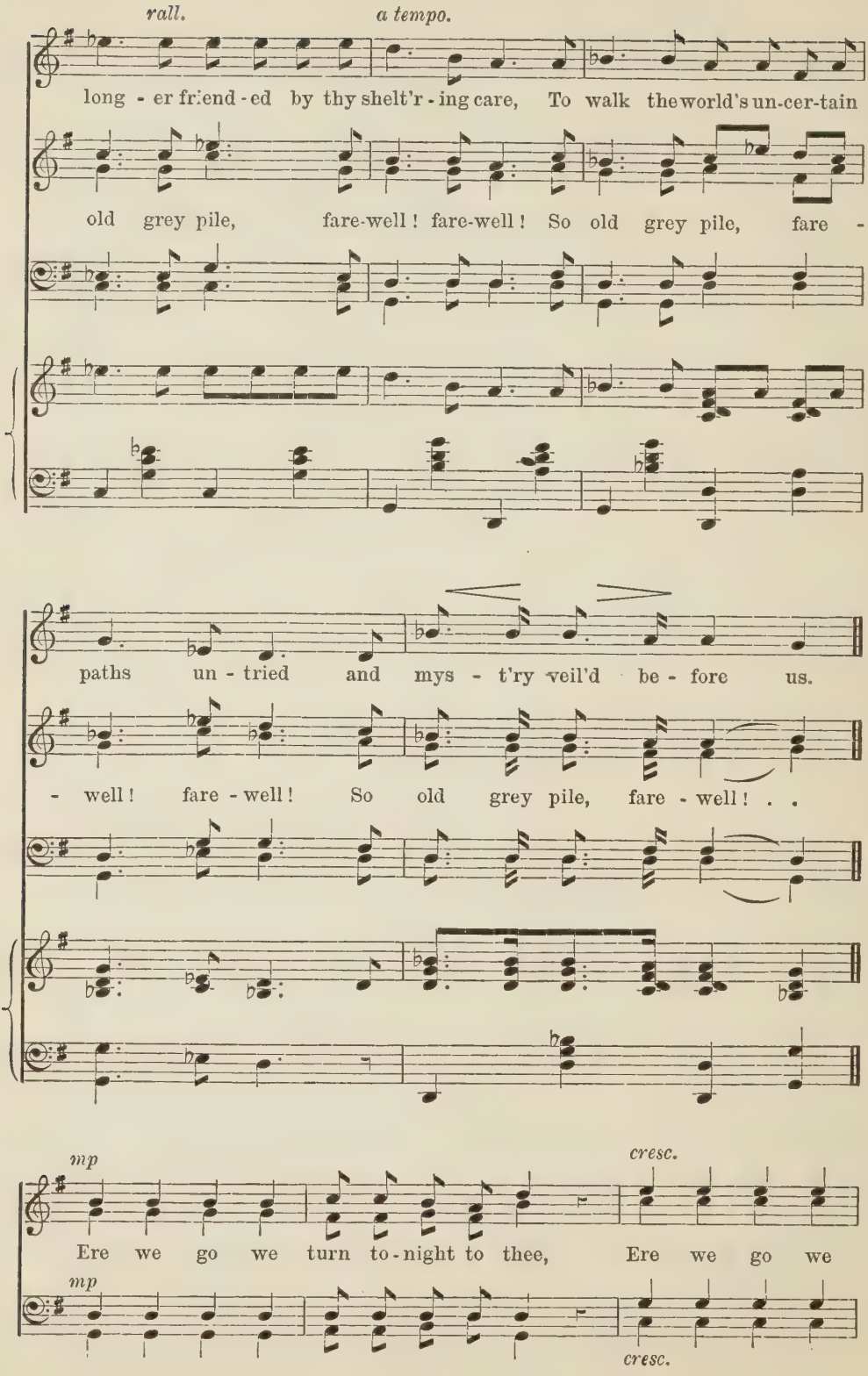

He will bring us through, But the Pi - lot knows the
Un - known Seas, And He will bring us through.

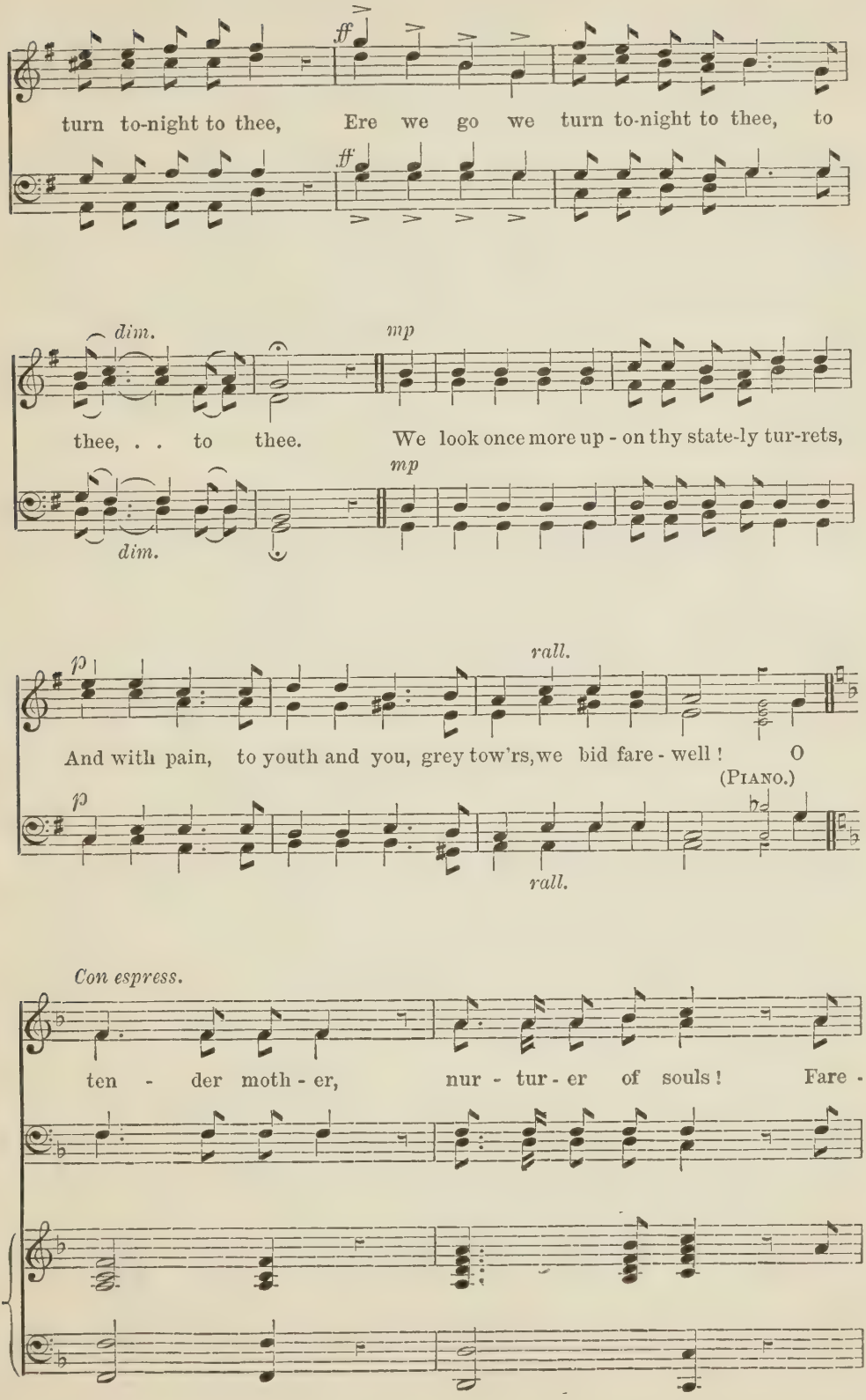
Words by JOHN D. SPENCE, 1897. Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1897.

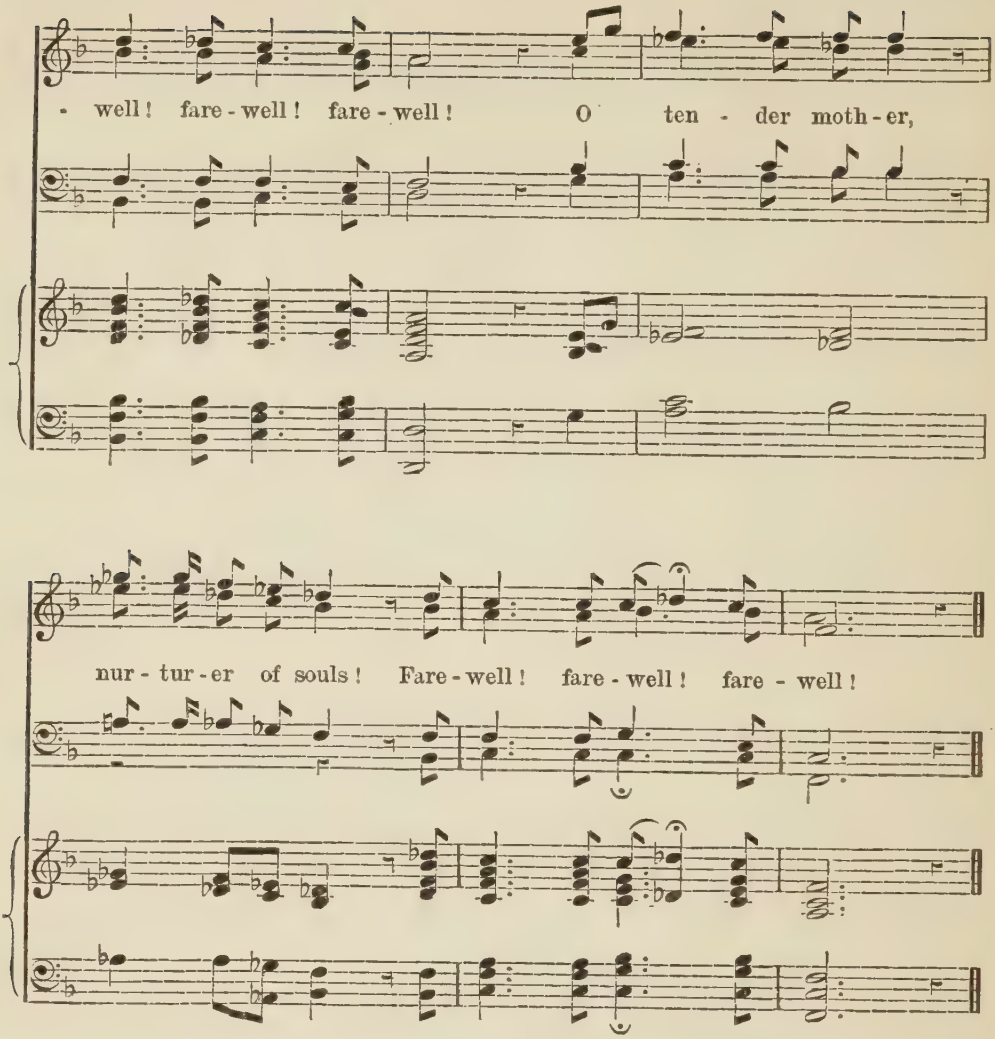


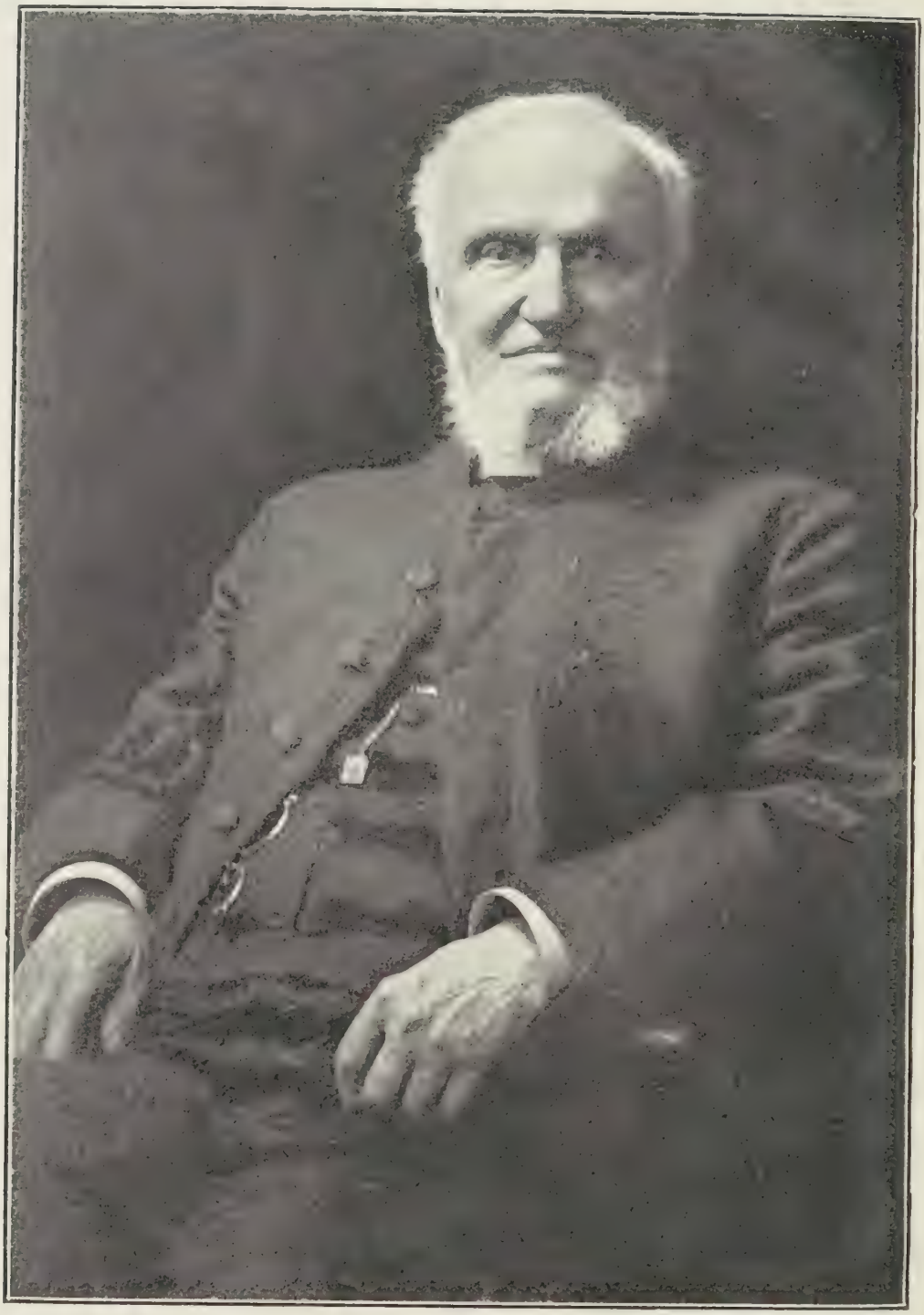
Note.—For accompaniment play upper line an octave lower.


long - er friend-ed by thy shelt'r - ing care, No long - er friend-ed by thy
shelt'r - ing care, Forth we wend, forth we wend,
Solo.
shelt'r-ing care. Forth we wend, To walk the world's un-cer-tain
forth we wend,
Chorus. 1st Tenor ad lib.
pp
paths un-tried and mys - t'ry veil'd be-fore us. (Piano.)
Solo. Più mosso.
No long - er friend - ed by thy shelt'r - ing care, No
Tenors.
pp
So old grey pile, fare - well! fare - well! So
Basses.
pp


rall.
a tempo.
long - er friend - ed by thy shelt'r - ing care, To walk the world's un-cer-tain
old grey pile, fare-well! fare-well! So old grey pile, fare -
paths un - tried and mys - t'ry veil'd be - fore us.
- well! fare - well! So old grey pile, fare - well! . .
mp
cresc.
Ere we go we turn to - night to thee, Ere we go we
mp
cresc.


ff
turn to-night to thee, Ere we go we turn to-night to thee, to
ff
dim.
mp
thee, . . to thee. We look once more up - on thy state-ly tur-rets,
mp
dim.
p
rall.
And with pain, to youth and you, grey tow'rs, we bid fare - well ! O
(Piano.)
p
rall.
Con espress.
ten - der moth - er, nur - tur - er of souls ! Fare -

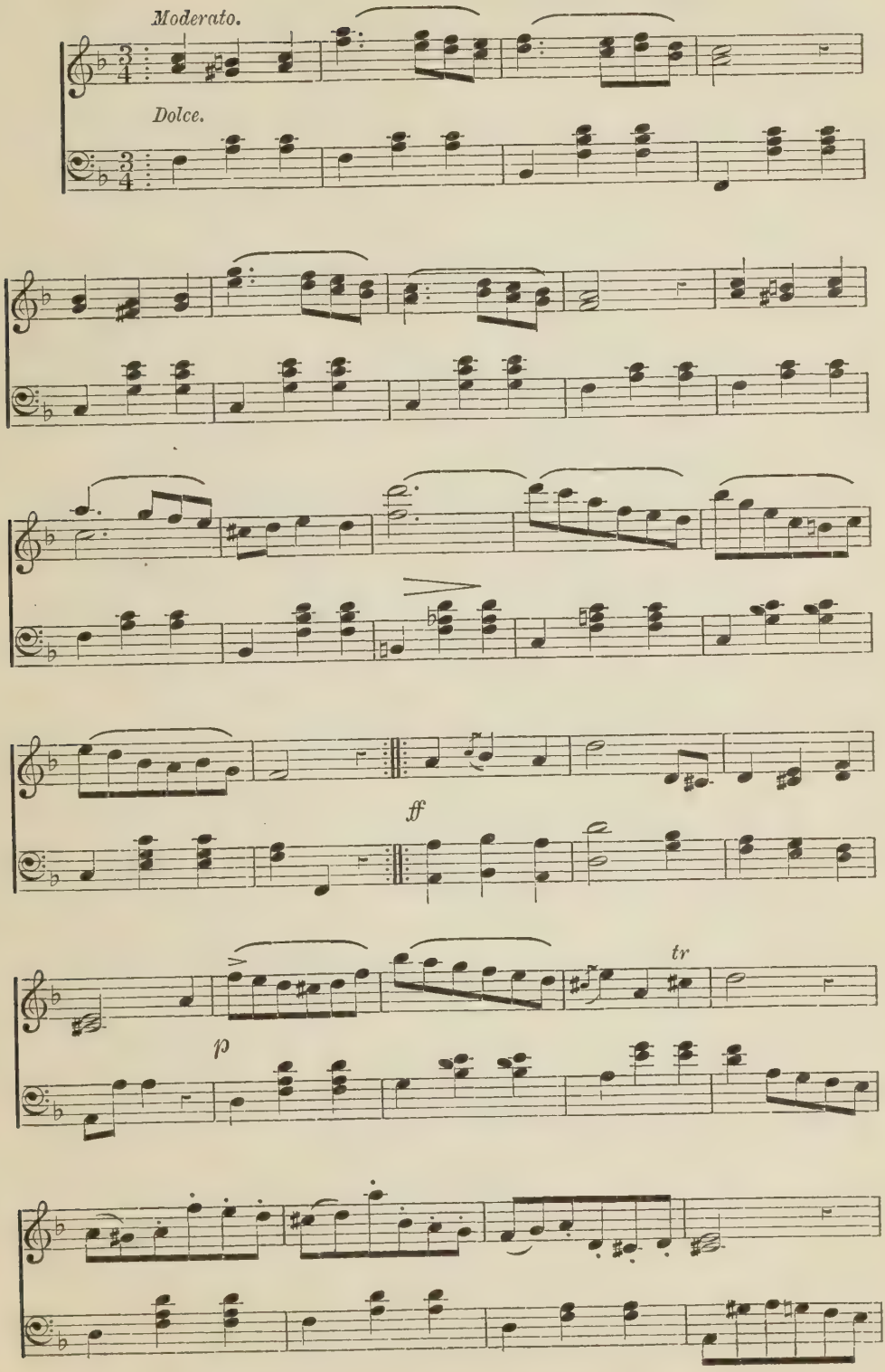

- well! fare - well! fare - well! O ten - der moth - er,
nur - tur - er of souls! Fare - well! fare - well! fare - well!

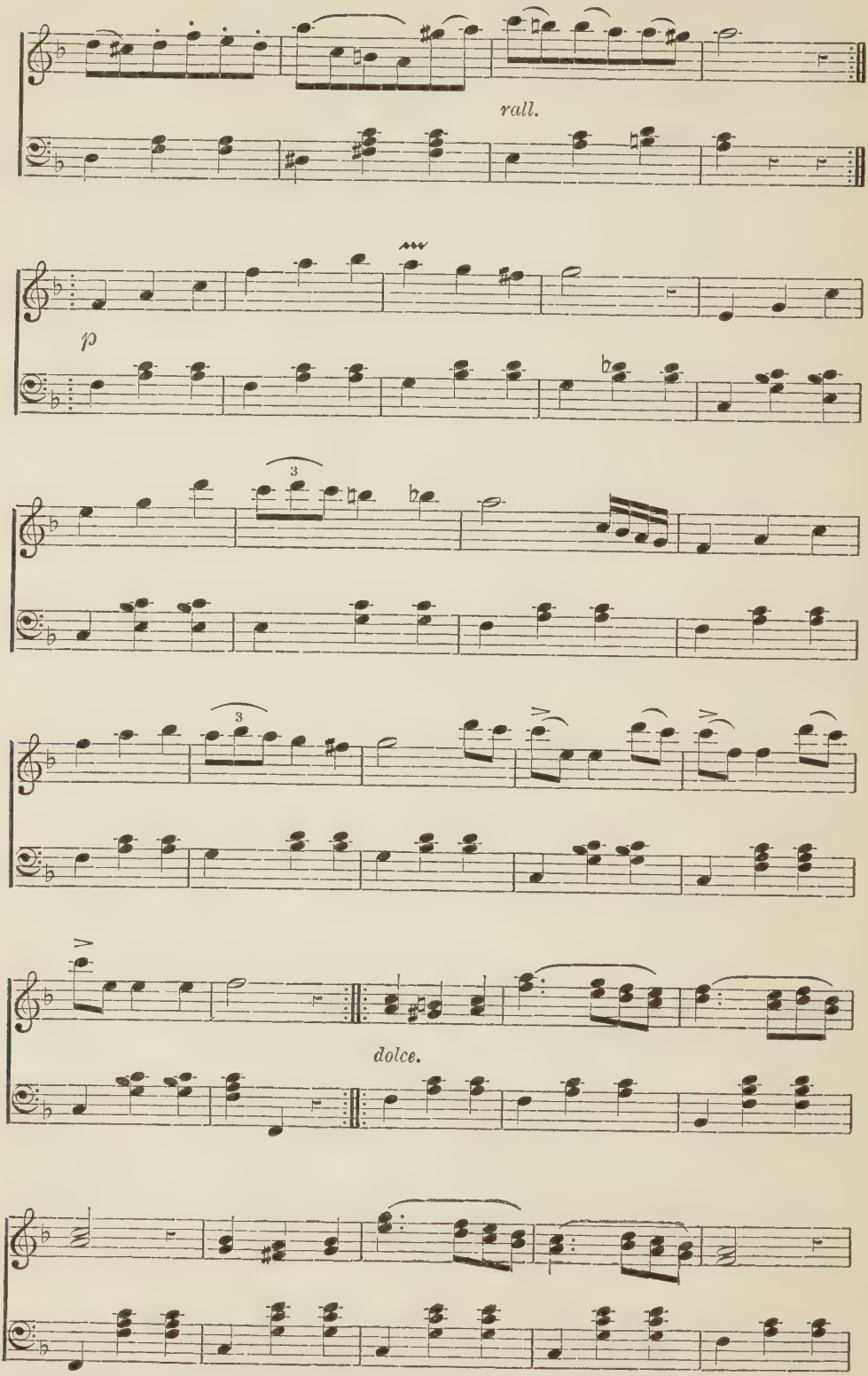


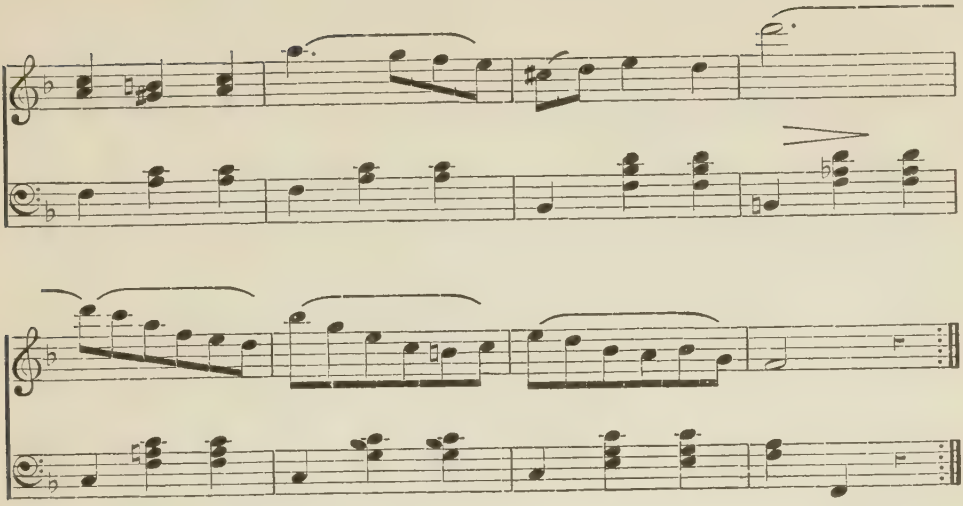
REVEREND CANON SEPTIMUS JONES, M.A.

BORN 4TH JUNE, 1830; DIED 24TH JANUARY, 1915

Rev. Canon SEPTIMUS JONES, 1860.




rall.
p
3
3
dolce.



A CANADIAN EXPERIMENT IN CRICKET*

The national game of England is played very little in Canada. It is true that in the cities and in some of the larger towns there are cricket clubs, and the boys' boarding schools, somewhat similar to the English 'public schools', do their best to foster the game, but it must be admitted that all efforts to popularize the game have hitherto proved unsuccessful, while lacrosse, baseball, tennis, and golf flourish. The dearth of cricket enthusiasts is due to the difficulty of persuading the ordinary schoolboy to learn the game. He votes it too slow, and is too impatient to serve the long apprenticeship required to produce a good player.

A nine-year-old boy, with the keenest sporting instincts, a son of a friend of the writer, was this spring fitted out with everything necessary to enable him to learn the game at one of our larger public schools. He was quite keen for a week or two, but his father soon learned that he was not spending his afternoons at the school. On being questioned he explained: 'Well, you see, father, it 's no fun unless it 's a real game, and then I get out in the first few balls and have no fun the rest of the afternoon. But when I come down near home, and play baseball with the boys, *I'm in the game all the time.*'

This is the attitude of all but a very small proportion of Canadian boys, and the game is kept alive principally by Englishmen who settle in Canada, and who have little or no appreciation of the difficulty of persuading the Canadian boy to learn the game.

This year a determined effort is being made by cricket enthusiasts who have the best interests of the game at heart to introduce some new rules for practices which will eliminate some of the features that make the game unpopular in Canada.

* Published in *The Boy's Own Paper*, 3rd June 1911.

There must be more consideration for the poor player. Although some days of the week attention should be given to the niceties of the game and proper instruction imparted in net practice, there must be the interest which only a contested game supplies, and in that contested practice game the poor player must have a fair opportunity to 'make good'. Few Canadian boys will learn the game if they have to fag all afternoon in the field in return for a very few balls, and they do not enjoy practices where it is merely practice and not a contested game.

The rules of cricket were fixed nearly a hundred years ago, when three-volume novels and other leisurely productions were the diversions of the people. Nowadays, especially in this land of short twilight, we must have a game that can be played in an hour or an hour and a half, or, otherwise, the game is restricted to Saturday afternoons.

Moreover, in our larger cities, we must often travel a long distance before we can reach a district where it is possible to indulge in the luxury of a cricket crease, and it is then too late in the evening to think of playing a game under the ordinary rules. And so it is that cricket clubs in Canada rarely practise fielding, running, or wicket-keeping, except at Saturday afternoon matches. Is it possible that the same difficulties are felt to any extent in England?

The following are the new Canadian rules, and let no one say they encourage careless play till he has given them a fair and serious trial, for the clubs that have introduced them find that the careful players still make the scores.

Rules for Practices.

1. These rules shall apply only to practices and to practice games. A 'practice' is a game between members of the same club; a 'practice game' is between members of different teams.

Double Wicket.

2. A practice game is played between two sides of ten players each, or such other even number as may be agreed upon.

3. The players shall bat in pairs, and each pair shall be entitled to three overs, whether they get out or not.

4. If neither is out and they secure between them (including extras) eight runs, they shall be entitled to two more complete overs.

5. Rule 4 shall apply to each succeeding two overs.

6. Whenever a player is out, two runs shall be deducted from the score.

7. Both batsmen are liable to be put out from the same ball.

Single Wicket.

8. A single-wicket practice game is played with any number of players.

9. The players shall bat singly, and each player be entitled to two overs.

10. If he is not out, and obtain six runs, he shall be entitled to an additional over.

11. Whenever a player is out, two runs shall be deducted from the score.

12. The rules of the M.C.C. shall govern except as varied by these rules.

COMMENTS.

The foregoing rules will, it is hoped, encourage the more general adoption of the game in Canada. Unless practices are made interesting, persons will not turn out to learn the game. These rules are not intended to supplant, but only to supplement, practice in the nets.

1. A drawn game, a most unsatisfactory conclusion, cannot easily occur.

2. A win by so many wickets will rarely, if ever, occur, as each man will be entitled to his share of overs.

3. The game will not be lost or won till the last ball is bowled, and zest and interest will thus be increased.

4. The average duration of a game will be one and a half hours.

5. The last man in will not, as heretofore, often retire not out, no runs, with perhaps not one ball bowled to him.

6. Every batsman will have a fair share of the batting, which will be more evenly distributed.

7. Evenly balanced teams will have the advantage. One or two batsmen and one or two bowlers with quite inferior players to complete the team cannot so easily win the game.

8. Complete games may be played during the week and during the hour or two before dusk, so that practice games will not be restricted to Saturday afternoons.

9. Players not on the match teams will have more opportunities for playing in contested games.

10. If a player runs his partner out, the latter does not retire from the game with very natural irritation by reason of his afternoon's sport being spoiled by his partner's fault, but the 'out' will result in two runs being deducted from their combined score, and the players will continue to bat till the end of their three overs.

11. Handicap games can be easily arranged. One team can agree to take a less number of overs than the other.

12. Good fielding and good running and wicket-keeping will be developed. Clubs now rarely field except at matches. At a practice game the fielders will be keen to get the players out as often as possible in order to reduce the score and deprive the batsmen of the extra two overs provided by Rules Nos. 4 and 5.

13. Individual scoring will not be so important as good team work.

14. Slogging will be discouraged by the deduction of two runs, provided by Rule No. 6, and by the fact that the players will be anxious to be not out so as to be entitled to additional overs.

15. If at practice each bowler is only allowed, say, six overs, a team is more likely to develop some latent good material. At practice games, however, teams will, no doubt, still desire to use their good bowlers to the best advantage.

16. If it is doubtful whether the game can be completed before dusk or rain, the pairs of batters on each side may bat in turn so as to distribute the good light or weather more fairly between the two teams.

The following clipping from the *Toronto Globe* will serve to show how the scoring is reported under the new rules:—

The Island Aquatic Association C.C. had their first practice game under the new rules, and every one present voted it a great success and the rules a splendid stimulus to serious practice. The game lasted, as usual, about an hour and a half. Score :

I.A.A.C.C.

C. M. Stewart and I. Macivor, not out	6
S. W. Gooderham and McKee, 7 minus 6	1
R. Smellie and Gilbert, 3 minus 6	
Macivor and Salmond, 9 minus 2	7
R. Allan and J. Blackie, 12 minus 4	8
L. L. Blackburn and G. C. Warwick, 7 minus 12	
Net total	14

Aura Lee C.C.

Romerill and Riddell, 7 minus 8	
P. Jolliffe and E. J. Bowers, 14 minus 4	10
Marsden and N. S. Polson, 25 minus 2	23
G. Pattison and R. Evans, 11 minus 4	7
J. E. Jones and A. Eastbury, 6 minus 2	4
R. Owen and Smith, 16 minus 6	10
Net total	53

POINTERS FOR AMATEUR HOUSE-PLANNERS *

Swing bedroom doors, so that when partly open they do not expose the bed to view.

Make liberal allowances for switches for electric light. Most people spend money unnecessarily for extra switches after house is finished.

Put hot-water boiler elsewhere than in the kitchen, which is usually quite warm enough. Indeed, most maids keep a door or window open and chill the rest of the house in their effort to keep cool. Don't place boiler in cellar, as it radiates heat which may be economically used elsewhere.

Plan kitchen to face the east, as light is required most in the morning. Allow plenty of window space for the kitchen.

Plan to fill ice-box through an opening from outside house, where there should be a tap to wash the ice and a drain to carry off the water.

Supply two-inch water main from street, as smaller pipe does not give sufficient pressure. See that pipe from the street is lead or galvanized iron, as ordinary iron rusts.

Let dining-room face the east, as breakfast is then a more cheery meal and lights are usually lit for supper.

Place sink where drip-boards may be built on both sides, one for dirty dishes and the other for washed dishes ready for drying. Place sink where light, both natural and artificial, is good, so that dishes may be thoroughly washed.

Place laundry tubs at least two feet away from wall, where light is almost sure to be better. It is easier to keep floor clean and sweet, and pipes are less likely to freeze.

Provide drains in laundry and elsewhere in cellar, so that floors may be washed off with hose.

Provide a root cellar under verandah or elsewhere in room where there are no pipes. Do not concrete floor, as vegetables, &c., keep better. If you have such a cellar you can keep down

* Published in *Keith's Magazine*, October 1914.

the high cost of living by obtaining goods in wholesale quantities.

Install a coal-chute in one of the many modern improved forms.

See that openings to clothes-chute are not any larger than necessary and are placed high from the floor, so that little children may not be in danger.

See that laundry windows are large (area if necessary), and place where they get good light in the morning. Have exit from laundry convenient to back yard.

Have one stair to cellar that does not run from kitchen. One often does not wish to disturb the maid.

Place a small light in a conspicuous place in kitchen to indicate whether the cellar switch has been turned off.

Make sure that switches are not placed behind doors or in other inconvenient places.

Have separate outlet for electric iron switch in ceiling over the table.

Have plenty of baseboard outlets to supply piano, library and den tables, &c.

Arrange outlets in dining-room so as to give a choice between direct and indirect lighting. Often in the same family a choice is desirable. One member wants to read a paper, different kinds of lighting for different purposes and functions, &c.

Cover hot-water radiators with seats or sofas, but do not box them in so tight as to interfere with heating efficiency.

In planning the shape of the bedrooms, place all your furniture and mark it on the plan. Don't forget the radiators, and see that they are near the windows and do not occupy valuable wall space.

Have wall lights over the beds, which may be turned on and off by a chain when one has retired. Be sure to place lights in bathroom, so that a man may see both sides of his face when shaving. Have medicine cupboards over the wash-basins in the bathroom and elsewhere, with mirrors in the door.

There is usually some waste wall space in a bedroom where a bookcase could not be placed, but a small bookcase may be

built into the wall for favourite books. This makes a guest's bedchamber especially attractive.

See that the picture mouldings are included in the original contract, so as to reduce the amount of inevitable extras.

Marble or hard wood under radiators raised somewhat, so as to render dusting and cleaning easier.

If the floor is not hard wood, have Georgia pine or some well grained wood around the walls, so that carpets or rugs need not cover the floor completely.

Have removable panel under the staircase or elsewhere to make a secret cupboard to store goods when the family is away.

Have a small safe built into a brick wall.

Have electric lights and small windows in the clothes closets, if possible.

Have a high-up medicine cupboard where poisons and medicines may be safely kept out of the reach of children.

Have at least one of the doors of the linen closets drop so as to make a table upon which linen may be laid previous to distributing it.

See that the back stairs are properly lighted, and a door at the head so that it may not be a danger.

If you have plaster cornice, see that the crevices are made so as to harbour as little dust as possible.

If room is large enough for a dance, see that the boards are laid lengthwise and joists accordingly.

Have as little woodwork as possible outside, so as to give substantial appearance and to minimize the up-keep as to painting.

Have the best verandah at the back, where privacy may be found.

Have an exit to it from the dining-room or living-room, so as to avoid passing through the kitchen.

Provide a stoop or verandah for maids, if possible.

Have extra small gas range in pantry or elsewhere for mistress to make her preserves and small suppers, and for her daughters to learn cooking without disturbing the maids in the kitchen.

Provide dumb-waiter to carry up meals to sick members of the family and coal to upstairs grates.

Provide cloakroom and lavatory at the front door, so that visitors may find conveniences without inquiring.

Provide extension carriers in clothes closets, so that seven or eight suits may be hung in the space usually occupied by one.

Utilize space under eaves in attic for built-in bureaus, &c.

Have tin-lined closet for storing furs, &c., and place it in a cool portion of the house where moths are not so likely to thrive.

If the house is large a skylight and light-well add to the appearance.

Have two closets in parents' room.

Plan one bedroom at least to accommodate a cot as well as a bed, as this adds to the saleability of the house.

Have place to deliver milk without entering the house, and see that it is so planned that milk will not freeze in the winter.

Have a cold pantry off the kitchen, or if this is not possible, build a table in the porch outside the kitchen door, where viands may be left to cool.

Provide maids' sitting-room and bath-room, if possible. The former may also be used as children's dining and study room.

Put a grate in one of the sun-rooms. If you wish to save money on fireplaces, finish in stucco instead of brick or tile.

Be sure that bricklayers soak the brick before laying it or there will be no life in the mortar.

See that the plumber supplies taps upon which washers may be easily replaced by the owner, who can save much in plumbing bills.

Have all the plumbing fixtures the same make, so that when repairs are needed there are no unnecessary trips by the plumber.

See that the sills project sufficiently, so that water dripping will not disfigure the wall.

Have flat spacious sills upon which articles may be placed on occasion, e.g. to keep things cool in case of sickness.

Provide light outside front doorway and a window, so that from inside one may easily ascertain who is desiring entrance.

Place number of house where it can be seen at night, so as to save unnecessary rings.

Make sure that treads of steps are sufficiently wide, so as not to be dangerous for old persons in wintry weather.

Consider carefully making ample provision for wall space in library.

If you have not a garbage incinerator, secure system which is underground in a concrete chamber that may be flushed out by hose by means of a drain should the chamber become fouled by garbage escaping from pail. There is a contrivance of which the top may be raised by a movement of the foot, and the garbage is protected from flies, and also hard frost, which sometimes otherwise makes it difficult to empty the pail.

Don't forget that even if you do not like a shower bath the man you want to sell your house to later may not buy it if the bathroom is too small to hold a shower.

Avoid dust-catchers of all kinds.

Let the front door bell ring both in the kitchen and attic.

Provide convenient place to store lawn mower and garden tools.

See that double windows are tendered on at the outset, as this is an inevitable extra. Provide sliding panes and not the inadequate small ventilators.

If the house is sufficiently large, provide small room at entrance to show strangers into and thus avoid disturbing company or domestic arrangements.

If part of cellar is specially excavated, a commodious dance or billiard room may often be provided where space would be otherwise wasted. If house is sufficiently large, a platform and dressing-room may be provided for entertainments and may also serve as an extra music-room for children to practise in.

Have chipped glass in bathroom and in some kitchen windows to save curtaining.

Have master key to open back, front, and side door.

Have as little woodwork at front door as possible, so as to reduce work in cleaning mud, &c., left by callers.

Provide full-length mirror in at least one bedroom on a closet or other door. If closet has double doors, a mirror on the inside of each will enable one to see the reflection of his back when doors are partly open.

FOREWORD IN A GUEST REGISTER

Welcome, dear friends! Our door is open wide
To those we love. With us a while abide,
And we shall strive with loving anxious care
To knit the bond more closely, while we share
Our joys and home-delights.
And ever borne along life's tide
May you 'from happy years to happier glide'.
Journeying together thus while skies are fair,
May we in deeds express the loving prayer
A heart sincere indites.

And if dark shadows fall across the way,
And sunny days are gone, and skies are gray,
Forgetting not the happy days gone by,
With loving emulation let us vie
In proving friendship true.
And many times 'throughout life's little day',
Whether our lot in life be sad or gay,
While days run on, and hours swiftly fly,
May we with lofty aim and purpose high,
Our intercourse renew.

Light-hearted schoolboys carve with stealthy knife
An early record of ambitious life:
We 'children of a larger growth' have here
A roll provided, where the names appear
Of those whom most we prize.
Even if the world's mischances prove too rife,
And vain ambition fail in worldly strife,
Upon a higher Roll these names so dear
God grant may all be written large and clear,
By a Love that never dies.

Aug. 19, 1900.

THE RAINDROP

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

My sweet seven-year-old 'little live dolly', Margaret, once asked for a story, and I told her the story of the Raindrop. And now she tells it with so many little bits of her own fancy, that I know you will love to hear it as much as she loves to tell it.

Once there was a bright little Raindrop up in the sky, and it danced about in the pretty fluffy clouds. It was so happy and free from care that it was sorry one day when the Sun said to it, 'Are you not ashamed to be doing no good in the world? Look at that poor thirsty earth, every tree and every blade of grass crying out for you to come down and make them happy.' But the little Raindrop only danced away merrily, saying, 'What good could one little raindrop do?'

And our little Raindrop was so bright and happy that it gathered thousands of other little raindrops about it, just as happy people always gather happy people about them. And soon there were so many raindrops gathered together that our little Raindrop could not see the Sun. And soon the raindrops began quarrelling and pushing one another, and the lightning came and the thunder and tore the cloud to pieces so that the raindrops came tumbling down to the earth. Now our little Raindrop was the last one to come down, and where do you think it landed? On the very top leaf of a high tree. The tree had had so much to drink that our Raindrop perched on the top and cried out to the Sun, 'Oh, please may I go back? I am not needed here.' But the Sun said, 'God wants you to do some good farther on.' And the Sun kissed it, and it dropped from leaf to leaf, dancing and singing as it went, and feeling as if it was going down a great toboggan slide. And when it reached the ground it fell on a dead leaf that did not want to drink. And so our Raindrop thought its journey was over and that it could not go any farther, but presently it saw a hole

Robert E. Groves 95

in the leaf, and slipping through it, it settled on the warm brown earth. And little by little it sank into the ground, and away down and along it went till it came to a spring. A little girl was there with a cup, and she smiled at the Raindrop, and reached down her cup. But she just missed our Raindrop, which went dancing out of the barrel that some one had placed at the spring, and down it went over the pebbles

A MILL-WHEEL

into a dear little creek. And as it went it chattered to itself and answered all the other little raindrops that went tumbling along down to the river. And as it went it came to a high fall that made it shudder, and it called out to the Sun, 'Please take me back to the sky, I'm frightened to tumble over this fall.' But the Sun said, 'Not yet, God has some work for you to do farther on.'

And while it spoke thousands of little raindrops crowded

behind and pushed it over. At the foot of the fall it struck a great rock, and bounced so high that it thought it was going back to the Sun. But no ; it went galloping down again till it came to a broad lake. When it looked out on the lake and could not see the far shore, it called out to the Sun, 'I will get lost, and I cannot make my way across.' But the Wind came along and blew and blew and away went our little Raindrop till it came to a pretty little island. And what do you think it saw? A dear little girl who was paddling her little toes in the water and singing:

'Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.'

And just as our Raindrop passed her, she kicked her little foot up in the air, and up went the little Raindrop. The Sun kissed it, and said 'Not yet', and the little Raindrop said, 'Dear little girl, I should love to stop and play with you, but God has some work for me to do farther on in the world.'

At the foot of the lake was a great wheel. What could one little Raindrop do to turn that wheel? And as it came to where it was to do its work, it saw that it could do it if all the other little raindrops would help. So they all got together and pushed and shoved and the great wheel turned. In the mill was a wonderful engine that made electricity. And so it was that our Raindrop helped to make the electricity that lit the room in which the little girl went to sleep that night.

Next morning the Sun smiled down on the Raindrop, and drew it up into the sky, where it played about just as it did before it went to the earth to do the work that God intended it to do.

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Jones, James Edmund
In fane and forest

Music

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